THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXXIII.

[With a striking Portrait.]

Not to my features, but my mind,
I hope your lenity to find.

LADY Mary Wortley Montague tells us, that she had not looked in a glass for more than twenty years. When the faithful mirror reflected wrinkles and decay, it was painful for her Ladyship to contemplate her features any longer in it, and therefore she *prudently* avoided such an unpleasant monitor. It will be thought, however, that this conduct was influenced by vanity, and that she was unwilling to have ocular demonstration of what her reason could no longer conceal—that she was an Old Woman. From this foible, I trust, I have proved myself ex-

empt, whatever other weaknesses I may possess. The title I assumed at the commencement of my lucubrations, will satisfy every candid mind, that I did not affect to be any longer young; and if any further evidence were wanting of my glorying in having outlived vanity, it will be found in allowing my head to be prefixed to this number.

Yet, let me fairly own, that if my personal vanity receives no gratification from this display, I am not insensible to the compliment which is paid to my mind. During the seven years in which I have monthly presented my effusions to the fair readers of the LADY'S MUSEUM, I have had the silent satisfaction of knowing, that I have contributed either to amuse or to instruct, to caution or to advise. I have heard the OLD WOMAN mentioned in flattering terms of repect by some whose slightest praise is fame; and her writings have been ascribed by fancy and conjecture, to some of the brightest ornaments of the sex. Feeling every desire, therefore, at once to gratify innocent curiosity, as far as prudence will justify, and to prevent others from being charged with compositions in which they had no share, I have at last consented to the wish of the publisher; and, by exhibiting my likeness, have enabled the public to determine who I am *not*. if they should not discover who I *am*. Indeed, it is highly improbable, that the latter should ever be the case. I am, to adopt the words of Junius, "the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me:" and although I certainly do not shut myself up in my chamber, except when the infirmities incident to age confine me, or the state of the weather gives little encouragement to come abroad, I am so wholly unknown as a writer, that I dare say I might shew my *head* to my most intimate connections, without their suspecting the identical person of the Old Woman. No one, however, can fail to see a striking likeness; for both the painter and engraver have done me ample justice: but when a certain

a certain clue is wanting to assist in threadding the labyrinth, the more probable appearances are, the more the judgment is suspected to be wrong, and the more cautious it is in deciding. At the close of my labors, however, and at the age of seventy-seven, who can presume on their being much longer continued! Should my papers ever be collected, and published, I shall now have the satisfaction to think, that my portrait will accompany them; and that it will furnish some index to the MIND of the writer, if it should fail to indicate my person and my name. Indeed, I have often consoled myself with this reflection, that I might have the honor of being read by the young and the beautiful, some generations hence, when I was penning a description of present modes, or descanting on fashions and pursuits, which will probably have no other memorial than my recording papers. For what is so fluctuating as FASHION, and what can be more arbitrary than her decrees? I have lived long enough to see her change in infinite variety and endless succession; and if my limits would permit, I should be happy to expatiate on her revolutions, and on the effects they have produced, both in the persons and the minds of the fair sex. To the engraver, however, I resign the task of contrasting past and present fashions in dress; sensible that no verbal description can convey such a vivid impression as the embodied representation; and shall content myself with brief sketches of modes and manners, which I have witnessed myself, or found recorded by others.

A family gallery of portraits, as it exhibits the costume of the times, is always to me a source of entertainment and delight; and when we combine the manners with the dress, we shall find that they influence each other in a very sensible degree; though, perhaps, this may have escaped common observation. The stiff stays, and the spreading hoop, of former days, were as repulsive as the formality of the wearer;

and in the present easy dress of our females, when it is not carried to an indecent extreme, I see a faithful portraiture of that freedom of manners, which now characterizes the well-bred in all the higher ranks of life. There is, however, another important advantage, which the ladies have gained by emancipating themselves from whalebone and tight-lacing —their health is consulted; their form is better developed; and when they possess the good sense to clothe themselves sufficiently against the cold, I should hope and believe, that the human race will be improved by this change which has taken place in their dress.

Let it not be supposed, however, that I am the advocate of every modern absurdity. It will be found in my papers, that I have frequently entered my protest against indecent nudity, as it affects the character; and thin clothing, as it affects the person. The one is a gross violation of decorum; the other essentially affects the health: but guarding against extremes, I am really partial to the style of dressing that has lately prevailed in the female world; and I should be sorry to see the grotesque and unbecoming costume of my juvenile days usurping the elegance of modern fashionable taste.

Had manners, indeed, kept pace with the improvements in dress, there would have been little to regret, but much to admire. The eye naturally reconciles itself to modes which are constantly exposed to its inspection: and this may, in some measure, account for the partiality I evince for reigning customs, as far as externals are concerned: but principles and practices can only be right or wrong; and sorry I am to say, that, in the present age, we find a prevailing degree of dissipation, extravagance, luxury, and idleness, which would have exposed females in former times to unqualified censure and reprobation.

When I was young, a lady would have been ashamed to absent herself from some place of divine worship

worship on Sundays; nor would she have been satisfied, if her family and servants did not shew a proper respect for religion. Routs and card-parties on the sabbath, were profanations that never entered the minds of the most profligate and licentious; and a female gambler would have ranked as low as the drunkard and the prostitute. To have been constantly jaunting from one public place to another, would have been deemed the height of levity and folly: and to have idled away days and months in frivolous conversation, or in skimming the trash of circulating libraries, would have been an effectual bar against any young man of prudence forming an honorable connection with her. These things, however, are now so fashionable, that it is almost singular to find an exception from them. No one, at this refined period, thinks of staying at home, who has a guinea to spend abroad; and no person sits down to labor, who ranks above a menial servant. Our tradesmens' wives, our farmers' wives, and wives of all ranks and descriptions, are *ladies*. They must visit and be visited; they must play at cards, give routs, attend balls and concerts, and, in fine, ape their superiors in every foible, and every excess, without the same means of indulgence, and even without the same taste for enjoyment. In a word, the coarse observation of an old bachelor of my acquaintance is not unjust, "that now-a-days, every woman who has a cap and a petticoat, is a *lady;* and every man who has a hat and a pair of small-cloaths, is a *gentleman.*"

How long matters will run on in the same channel, and what will be the ultimate result, I pretend not to determine; for though an Old Woman, I am no witch; nor does experience teach me to be presumptuous in decision. Yet I cannot help thinking, that luxury and dissipation, like the waves of the sea, have their flux and reflux; and that as we have advanced very far in their pernicious paths, we must at length

find obstructions that cannot be surmounted, and try to retrace our steps, and once more to regain the road of economy and plain sense.

We hear as frequent complaints of the badness of the times, as we do of the shortness of life; but let me ask, do not we ourselves create a great part of the ills we lament? The pressure of taxes, and the dearth of every article of consumption, would be less felt, if we did not increase them by private extravagance. Life is, indeed, short and contracted in its span; but do we not still further abridge its duration, by unnecessary sleep, dreaming indolence, and worthless pursuits? In the eye of reason, those days are lost which are not devoted to some useful purpose; and if all such are abated from the sum of life, I fear it will be found, that many of our elderly matrons would still be in their teens; and that many a debauchee, with a broken constitution, would scarcely have reached the age of puberty.

Even the OLD WOMAN, while she is penning these moral reflections, is answerable to herself of flagrant misapplications of time; and while she lifts her warning voice to others, her own heart smites her for wasted days and years, which can never be recalled; and for frivolous pursuits, which, at best, leave a vacuity in the page of existence. On taking a retrospect, indeed, of the seventy-seven years already gone, with all the partiality of self-love coming to her aid, she cannot say, that she has lived half the days that have been assigned her; and how many are there who have reached maturity, when every faculty is in perfection, and duty calls to honorable exertion, that, in point of utility to themselves or the public, are still like the infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms?"

LAURA.

LAURA.

A PLAIN UNVARNISHED TALE.

IT was the lot of Laura to be beautiful: Nature had bestowed upon her her choicest gifts. Her form was symmetry itself; her face was general loveliness, suffused with the animating glow of health; whilst every feature boasted beauty in its mould. She was Nature's self in Nature's grace arrayed. Her innate endowments were not few; she possessed the nicest sensibility, with a warm and lively imagination: ever forward to do good, and never known to inflict an injury. She was the delight and admiration of every one; her eye beamed universal pleasure, and her free deportment communicated it to all around her.

Yet, with all these gems to charm, and powers to attract, Laura became the child of misfortune. One evil usurped the seat of her breast, and wielded its fatal sceptre over her passions; whilst an humble virtue, balancing its pernicious influence, was expelled the number of her guards. Prudence made way for Vanity.

Laura had lost her parents. An easy independence enabled her to rank high in the circle of her associates, and live in a style suitable to an accomplished education. No other pleasures, no other wishes, but her own, to consult, she accounted herself the most blest of her sex, and conceived nothing wanting to make life a paradise. Sufficient in herself, she ridiculed the sentiments of love and friendship, and thought it only happiness to be admired. She felt a superiority over her companions, and regarded the adulation lavished on her as the voice of truth; and the admiration of the world, but a sacrifice due to her charms.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding these blemishes, she was the life of company, and every one rejoiced in her intimacy. She had innumerable suitors, whom she treated with equal coldness and indifference: the greatest flatterer was most welcome, yet none acquired an interest in her affections.

At last her susceptibility was aroused. Amidst the train of her followers, was a youth of noble person, and a manly understanding. He wooed the lovely Laura, and pursued her with an ardent attention. 'Twas visible her heart was touched. Henry would fain believe it, and, with increasing confidence, approached the object of his passion. Immediately he feared himself undone. She gave a check to his advances, and received him with a luke-warm satisfaction. *Henry did not flatter:* this stood the only barrier to his victory. He saw, with grief, the excess of her vanity, yet could not stoop to dissemble. His tongue was faithful as his heart, and could not utter a delusion. To remonstrate with her fault was dangerous, and might cause a breach for ever. That fear predominated; and he resolved patiently to persevere with a steady honorable zeal, in hopes, by time, to gain his object, and effect a change.

In the mean while, the gay and gallant Harman, noted for his conquests in the field of virtue, entered the list of this fair one's votaries. With all the arts of flattery and deceit, he endeavored to insinuate himself into her graces, and not without the semblance of success. Wherever Laura was amusing herself, Harman was the leader of her train. He made himself her slave. Her beauty and accomplishments were his constant themes; every act of her life was the subject of his applause, and every error neatly converted into a compliment. He professed her the idol of his adoration, and dextrously contrived his praises should be repeated in her ears.

Henry was alarmed: he guessed the designs of his enemy, yet knew not how he should proceed. To

preserve his love was his first intent, even at the risque of loss. Of that he felt considerable apprehension: but 'twas a feather in the balance with her safety. He therefore summoned his utmost fortitude, and sought an interview, to disclose to her the danger of her situation. He depicted the character of the specious Harman in its truest colors; and with energy persuaded her to fortify her prudence against his infatuating powers. He prayed her pardon, conjured her to be careful of herself, and promised, if he met with her displeasure, to banish himself for ever from her sight. Generous Henry! happy had she embraced thy counsels. But no, her pride was wounded: she dismissed him from her presence, and expressed disdain at the artifice of his interested friendship. In vain did Henry plead his candor and sincerity; he was not permitted to defend himself. He departed, in anguish and despair, contemplating the scene just past. She was lost to him as a lover, and he was even denied the consolation of being a friend. He felt himself at the last pitch of human agony: he vowed revenge against the villain Harman, and pledged himself in secret to be for ever the protector of Laura.

Laura continued obstinate and unrelenting in her anger towards Henry; whilst the glossy Harman was still encouraged, and became the first in favor and indulgence. His efforts were redoubled; his time was now wholly devoted, and not a moment suffered to escape, which might be rendered subservient to his views. He saw with ecstacy the weakness of his prey increase, and fed her vanity the more. Harman was now every thing with the deluded fair; without him she was restless and uneasy.

The sequel is short. The subtle poison was, alas! too sweet: it had circled itself around the mazes of her brain; and, in a moment of its giddy influence, the beautiful, accomplished, but *vain* Laura, fell a victim to the designs of villainy!

Poor,

Poor, unhappy Henry! what were thy feelings at the horrid tidings! In the first paroxysm of grief and madness, he penned a challenge to the perfidious Harman, and obtained a meeting. The first ball was fatal. It struck the noble Henry to the heart, and relieved him from the dreadful weight of his existence.

The seducer fled: whilst the wretched Laura lingered out a train of tedious days, in penitence and despondency; then sunk a sacrifice to crime, and died in misery.

My beauteous readers, beware of this destructive passion; you may droop like the once lovely Laura. The outward figure may for a moment draw the gaze of the spectator, but it is the beauty of the mind must make a deep impression. Do not be vain of what your Maker has bestowed, but be grateful. The plainest form has equal reason to be grateful with yourselves. And let vanity so far operate only, as to affix in you a proper pride with regard to all your actions. Thus far it will shine a virtue, but no farther. Then will you be as happy as I could wish you; and not only enjoy the innate gratification of your own conscience, but still attract the admiration of every sincere and honest man. D. R.

Liverpool,
6th June, 1805.

TO A FRIEND,

Who, from the pressure of the Times, is obliged to retire from high Life to a State of Seclusion.

My dear Madam,

THE depression of spirits in which I saw you yesterday, is so indelibly fixed in my mind, that I assure you my imagination has been much employed on the subject. When

When I consider what you *have been*, and what you now *are*, I feel a degree of sympathy which brings tears into my eyes; and yet, when I consider that this could not have happened, but by the will and direction of Him who rules and orders all things, I cannot but persuade myself, that it is like most of the evils of this transitory world, *for your good*. The gay circles of life, I allow, are pleasant and infatuating; but, alas! how transitory! how light! to those which the truly good are promised in a future state! And if you seriously consider, you will recollect, that, even in the highest zenith of your glory, there were so many disagreeables connected with the pleasures you then enjoyed, as to render the highest of them illusive; and you must be convinced, that in them there was not *real* felicity!

Heaven, my dear Madam, has certainly placed you in your present state, in order to wean you from ideal happiness. If you look into history, you will find the greatest and best characters have preferred a retired life: and why, but that they saw and *felt* the insignificance of a public one? Remember, my dear Madam, that whom God loveth, he chastizeth; and that there is in store for you (if you bear patiently those ills which now assail you) something that will make amends for your present afflictions. If we were to glide through life without trouble, human nature is so constructed, that we should seldom be in a frame of mind to meet our Maker; and depend on it, the trials of this world, which are but for a moment in comparison of eternity, will work for us an eternal glory in that we are hastening to. There is a Power which sees and weighs every heart-felt pang endured by the unhappy, and which will reward every sigh and tear which the good suffer by unmerited distress. For my own part, I experience such a secret pleasure in a sedentary and recluse life, that I would not exchange it to be mistress of the universe!

verse! and am better pleased with the view of Nature's works in the small territory I possess, than I should be in a palace decorated with all the pompous elegance of the arts. Let our greatest aim, my dear Madam, be to stand well with our Maker! For the world, I have, in a great measure, been long careless of its praises or its censures; being well assured, it cannot make a right judgment of my thoughts and actions: nor can we receive any considerable advantage from its applause. Excuse the liberty I have taken, and be assured, nothing, but a wish that a reliance on Providence should bring you to consider the past grandeur of your life in its true light, and conciliate your affections to the state you are now in, could have emboldened me to have taken the liberty of being your dictator, and giving you that sort of consolation which my heart dictated.

May 20th, 1805. RECLUSINA.

P. S.—RECLUSINA acquaints PHILOMATHES, that as she cannot accuse her heart of any of those charges, viz. satirizing those public charities, &c. which she thinks are an honor to human nature, and the religion we profess, she is not at all offended with him. Her only meaning was, that a too general refinement (unless, indeed, where wisdom and real virtue are its concomitants) serves but to inflame that pride of heart which is too conspicuous in the human race, as it is but seldom that we see a little learning productive of confronting vicious affections.

A KNOTTY PUN.

A FACETIOUS gentleman once observing a young lady very earnestly at work, knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing? "Knotting, Sir," replied she. "Pray, Sir, can you knot?" "I *can-not*, Madam," answered he.

JESSICA.

JESSICA;

OR,

AN INN-KEEPER'S STORY.

"An honest Tale speeds best being plainly told."

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a winter's day, that the Landlord of the Bell Inn, at ————, saw a travelling chariot drive up to his door; a most welcome sight at that dead season. In a moment his little troop of waiters were in motion; and a genteel young man, in deep mourning, alighted, accompanied by two others of less prepossessing appearance. Honest Tom Trueman ushered his guests into his best room, where, with smiles and bows, he waited their commands. The gentleman desired his people to call for what they chose; then turning to Trueman, enquired if he knew a person in that town named Edward Mortimer, late of the ——— regiment. "Know him! (repeated Tom;) Aye, Sir, as well as *thof* he was my own son." Then looking inquisitively at his guest's sable habit, he added, "Nothing's the matter I hope, Sir?" "Only hanging matter, if we can catch him," cried one of the men abruptly. "'Tis false," cried the angry landlord, snapping his fingers. "Edward is as honest a lad, and as handsome too, as ever you'd wish to see in a summer's day. Poor fellow, he has served his country well; and all his prayer is to die an honourable death. 'Twould be main hard were he to come to such a *nominious* end, as our parson calls it." The gentleman looked frowningly at his companions, and said, in a more conciliating tone, "Some recent transactions have made him amenable to the laws of his country. Where is he to be found?" "Why, if Edward has done a wrong thing, (replied Tom,) I am the last man in the world who would screen him from justice. Law is

law, to be sure. *(Bowing.)* However, I'd lay a golden guinea, Ned will be found as innocent as a babe: but I think I have a pretty good guess how it is. *Adrat'n*, it's hard, though, for trouble to come now. There's poor Miss Jessica in such a way, and the old man almost heart-broken." Here Trueman wiped his eyes with his blue apron. "You seem particularly attached to this young man and his family, (said the stranger;) and as I am also a little prejudiced in his favor, perhaps you will relate to me sufficient to save him from some unpleasant consequences. I know very little of his real character."

"I will Sir, I will, (cried Tom eagerly.) I will just beg your leave a minute, to order these gentlemens' liquor, and be with you again in a twinkling." "You may take it into another room," said the gentleman, motioning to the men to retire; and, with a dissatisfied air, they followed Trueman, who having supplied them according to their orders, slipped into the stable, and dispatched the ostler to apprise young Mortimer of his unexpected visitors. He then returned to the house, popped on his sunday's wig and coat, and, with innumerable bows, taking a seat at some distance from his guest, begun the recital of Edward Mortimer's misfortunes. "You must know, Sir, that Jessica Somers was once the prettiest girl in this county. Aye, or the next either." "I enquired of you particulars concerning Edward Mortimer, (said the stranger peevishly;) what is Jessica Somers to me?" "I beg your pardon, Sir; but it is impossible for me to tell you the history of one, without giving you some account of the other. Poor girl, it has been a *misfortunate* attachment to be sure; and Edward may thank her for all his troubles past, present, and to come." "Proceed as much to the point as possible," said the gentleman. "Well, Sir, as I was saying, Jessica was a farmer's daughter, and cried up every where for her beauty, and sweetness

sweetness of disposition. She was the envy of all the town girls, and the pride of her poor foolish parents' hearts. Her mother had once been a lady's maid in London, and having seen a little of tip-top manners, was willing to make the most of her pretty daughter. Though a very good sort of woman at heart, it was her failing to be a little proud and high-minded: her first notion was in giving her child a fine name; and, to be sure, as our parson says, a fine name does a *mort* of harm sometimes. Suke, or Sal, sounded vulgar in the good woman's ears. She was for having the girl called Angelina, or Constantia, or some such outlandish, profane name. However, to make short of a long story, it was at last fixed to be Jessica. Well, Sir, dame Somers did not stop here. As the wench grew up tall and comely, great expenses were lavished on her education; and the mother was never easy, but when she was *stilling* fantastical notions of dress and grandeur into the girl's head. In a short time the girl got a sweetheart; and who should that be but Edward Mortimer, whose father was once our Rector; but he had only a mother living then; and, poor soul! her income was but scanty. Edward was intended for some profession; but taking a liking to Miss Jessy, he took it into his head to be a farmer; and the old man was so fond of him, that he took delight in instructing him, and always called him his son. Mrs. Somers, however, was not altogether quite cordial with Mrs. Mortimer. The one was a lady born and bred; the other foolishly pretended to gentility, which cost her dear in the end; for having formed very lofty notions that her Jessy was too elegant for a farmer's wife, she tried every means in her power to disparage Edward in the girl's eyes. Now you must know, Sir, that one Sir Francis Mowbray had a seat not three miles from the farm; he seemed mightily smitten with Jessica, and used to be continually making some pretext for calling at

the farm; but Jessy, who really loved Edward, turned a deaf ear to all his professions of regard which he found opportunities of making in private; though, for certain, some folks are wicked enough to say it was all by the old woman's contrivance: for my part, I think no woman could be so weak and vile, as to throw her child in the way of ruin; for what else could she expect, when she encouraged the pursuit of a man so much above her daughter's situation in life?" The stranger now seemed to feel a lively interest in the recital; he drew his chair nearer to Trueman's, and gazed in his face with an expression of melancholy concern. Tom proceeded: "Things went on in this manner, Sir, for some time. Edward often pressed Jessy to become his wife, and she continually put him off on account of her mother's objections to the match. Ned grew very unhappy: he saw the attentions of Sir Francis with a jealous eye, and dreaded the loss of Jessy's affection. Thus matters stood, when a fine dashing lady came down from London to stay at Mowbray Lodge. She was rather elderly; and Sir Francis soon taught her to take great notice of Jessica. He introduced her at the farm as his aunt; and old Mrs. Somers held her head higher than ever, at being thought fit company for such great folks. Madam Mowbray was so taken with Jessy, that she was never happy without sending for her to the Lodge; and poor Edward passed many a sad hour when deprived of his Jessy's company. At last, Sir, would you believe it? the foolish old woman gave leave for her daughter to go with this Great Lady to London." The stranger started, and seemed very much agitated.

"Farmer Somers was main angry: he said it would unsettle the girl's head, and a thousand things, which dame over-ruled: so away she went in high glee! Poor Jessy! she came back in another guess sort of way. Oh, Sir, would you believe it? that wretch, Sir Francis, had plotted the girl's undoing; and

and that wicked woman was no more his aunt than she was mine; and God forbid that I should have any relation of her vile trade.

"Edward no sooner learned what had happened, than he posted off like a madman to London, and challenged Sir Francis to fight him; but the cowardly wretch sent him for answer, that, as he was no gentleman, he was beneath a Baronet's notice; and if he dared to be troublesome, he should be chastised for his insolence. Edward returned without seeing Jessy. She lived in great style; and wrote to her father the particulars of what had happened, imploring his forgiveness. In one part she acknowledged that her own vanity had been her ruin, as she had been cruelly deluded into the idea, that Sir Francis intended to marry her. She said he was very kind to her, and that she was well. This letter the old man shewed to me with many tears. See, neighbour, said he, grasping my hand, she does not say she is happy. Oh, no! that she can never be more, poor wretch! I forgive her: may heaven pardon her also. She has brought shame and sorrow on her father's head. I asked him how the dame bore the shock. He shook his head. She has more to suffer than I have, said he. With the world's scandal, she has also the misery of self-reproach. Her dearest hopes are blasted; and she sinks under it. But Edward, dear boy, he will never be himself again: he is like one bewildered. Ah! Tom, he loved my child honorably and truly. He was her equal; and they would have been happy. Now, poor, infatuated girl! thou hast made us all miserable.

"In this way, Sir, would he talk. My heart used to bleed to hear him: and, to mend the matter, soon after this, Edward, in a fit of despair, enlisted himself into the regiment, and was ordered abroad. His poor mother, terrified at the thoughts of his being in the ranks, used all her interest to raise a little money; and a subscription was made amongst the

town's-people (for every body loved him) to buy him an ensigncy; and away he was sent to Egypt. One night last winter, it was cold and wet, I remember, the stage which passes through to ———, stopped here: the coachman opened the door, and asked some person to get out; but hearing no answer, took a lanthorn, and, by its light, we saw a young woman, the only passenger, lying in the bottom of the coach. Dick lifted her out, and desired me to take care of her. Her fare is paid, said he, from London; and she desired to be put out here. Poor creature! she was cold and insensible. As soon as she recovered, she caught hold of my hand: Mr. Trueman, said she, have you forgotten me? As I live, Sir, it was Miss Jessica: but so altered! Is my father living? was her next question. He is, Miss, said I: but your poor mother——I guess, said she, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven. Jessy! Jessy! this is thy work. Do you think, she asked, while tears ran down her pale cheeks, do you think my father will take me in? I have no home, no friends; his pity alone will save me from infamy! I assured her that the old man would receive her, and persuaded her to go to bed; for she seemed much in want of rest after her fainting fit; and in the morning I fetched old Somers to her. I cannot describe their meeting; it makes me cry like a child to this day. Well, Sir, she was afraid to enquire about Mortimer; and we heard nothing of him for many months after her return, in which time she seemed falling into a deep decline. She had never loved Sir Francis: but his fine promises had dazzled her imagination; and while he was kind to her, she felt a sort of attachment, which may be easily imagined: but he did not long continue his attentions; he grew weary of the same face; and, enraged by her tears and reproaches, turned her into the street. It was then

she

she thought of her home, her parents, and her deserted, injured Mortimer. What an hour of affliction that must have been!"

The landlord was here called away to attend some particular customers; leaving his guest lost in thought, and deeply interested in the fate of the unhappy Jessica. In about half an hour Trueman returned, and continued his narration.

(To be continued.)

ON THE

DEATH OF A LOVELY INFANT,

TWO YEARS OLD.

THE tone of my thoughts dwells in sadness. My mind, in unison with the heart, paints truly, its feelings, the horror and despair of that day—The night had passed in terror—the morning brought no relief; and death closed the eyes of the most interesting babe. Oh! the afflicting moment! the farewel sigh! the last adieu! I loved thee truly; and could I bring thee back to this earthly dwelling, the silent grave should not long enshrine thee! Thy voice should again lisp its pleasures, and delight thy admiring friends! Thy dwelling is now, alas! the abode of silence: nothing disturbs thy peace; no cheering sounds animate thy frame; all is hush! I pass by the stone that marks the spot where thou art inclosed, and my heart is full of sadness! Memory daily brings back thy animated frame—thy charming smile—thy interesting look! My mind grasps thy very image, and every delightful variety of thy charming form. But why should I thus sorrow over thy remains? Thou art happy; and gratitude fills my heart with delight for those that yet surround me. I will be thankful for the many blessings I still enjoy; though the chasm which thy absence has produced, must always be open. Time cannot wear away the painful impression of thy loss. The grave only can bury my poignant feelings in its deepest slumbers. Adieu!

IATROS.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

I AM what is generally termed an *independant gentleman*; or, in other words, I cultivate a patrimonial estate, which, from not having submitted to the entire management of a bailiff, has enabled me to give a tolerable education to five girls, and seven boys.

My girls, Sir, owe their acquirements to their incomparable mother, who, whilst she did not neglect the *ornamental* parts of a female character, strongly impressed the *useful* upon their minds; and, instead of suffering them to imagine that an *accomplished* young woman was likely to make her fortune, she taught them to believe, that a sensible man would expect to find both a friend and a rational companion in a wife. Three, out of the five, are already married; and, I flatter myself, are as happy as they deserve; for their husbands are prudent, worthy young men, who seem truly sensible of the treasures they possess. This epithet, Mr. Editor, may, perhaps, appear like the foolish fondness of a doating father; but Solomon tells us, a prudent woman is a crown of glory on her husband's head; and I am persuaded, that an imprudent one is worse than a crown of thorns.

By the term *imprudent*, I do not mean to convey the idea of a licentious character, who is lost to that sense of delicacy, which is the peculiar ornament of the sex; for a man may be rendered completely miserable by a woman whose virtue he never had the slightest reason to mistrust. Do not suppose, Mr. Editor, I say this from personal experience; for I believe no man was ever more fortunate in a wife; and had not the rewards of conjugal felicity been discontinued at Dunmow,* we certainly should have been candidates for the prize.

My

* Flitch of Bacon.

My girls, I informed you, Sir, were deserving that affection which every parent must naturally feel; and my boys, thank God, are not addicted to any one disgraceful vice. In short, we are what may justly be termed a truly happy family; for good humour and cheerfulness always prevail. Through the interest of the Duke of ————, with whom I formed a friendship at Eton, my elder son obtained an employment under government at an early age; and in the course of six years, from several deaths, and resignations, his annual income amounted to about 1500 pounds.

Nature to my boy certainly has not acted niggardly; he possesses a fine person, and an intelligent face: his understanding is certainly above the level of commonalty; and his heart is the seat of rectitude, honor, and truth. Of such a son, Mr. Editor, every father might feel proud; yet he has at once proved the source of my happiness and grief; for, unfortunately, at an early period, he formed an attachment to a young lady, whose dissimilarity of disposition must embitter every moment of his life.

In so important an affair as marriage, I have always considered that parental authority ought not to interfere; at least, that it should be confined to advice and remonstrance; and beyond that I was determined mine should never extend. It is true, I could have wished my Edward to have formed an alliance with a young lady with whom he had been intimately acquainted from a mere boy; for in their dispositions I traced that perfect similarity, which must have insured felicity to both; and it was evident to me, that this amiable young creature felt no slight degree of partiality towards my son. Human nature, however, will sometimes act perversely. Ned assured me, he could never feel more than a brotherly attachment towards this interesting girl. He went to London, as I informed you, Mr. Editor; and his appointment was the means of introducing

him

him to the family of Sir Malcolm D——, who likewise held a place of no small emolument in the Treasury; though he almost considered it as a degradation to his rank. Imperious and arrogant as was the Baronet's natural disposition, yet towards Edward he conducted himself with a kindness and condescension, which perfectly captivated the unsophisticated boy; and his daughter, the all-accomplished Miss Euphemia, soon contrived to make an indelible impression upon his heart.

Ardent in disposition, sanguine in ideas, my son not only represented the superior attractions of the young lady with all those embellishments naturally attached to a lover's pen, but pointed out the numerous advantages which must result from an alliance with a lady so highly connected, and so universally admired.

Retired as had been my mode of life, yet to Sir Malcolm's character I was no stranger; in the literal sense of the expression, I knew him to be a man of the world; I knew that, to support the pride of family, he lived much above his fortune; and, in fact, that he was extremely involved. Wealth, I assure you, Mr. Editor, was not my object: the income my son had obtained from interest and abilities, was sufficient to maintain a wife; and at his marriage, I thought it a duty to add some part of that fortune to it, which he must necessarily inherit at my decease. It was to the smallness of the lady's fortune, however, alone, that Edward supposed it possible for me to form an objection: in his opinion, the enchanting Euphemia possessed such an assemblage of mental and personal charms, that they would have defied the severest critic to discover a single blemish; and from a fond and indulgent parent he had but little to dread.

In the most persuasive terms he requested me to visit the Metropolis, for the purpose of being formally introduced to the object of his regard; and, impelled

led by the warm interest I took in his happiness, I readily complied with the request. Sir Malcolm, as I before observed, lived in a style truly splendid. Four or five powdered puppies were assembled in the hall; and had I been going to pay a visit to the prime minister, I should not have expected to have been conducted into his presence with so much form and parade. After waiting at least an hour, the ladies made their appearance; but, good heavens! Mr. Editor, how great was my surprise! for, instead of that condescending sweetness of manners so attractive in a female character, Miss Euphemia appeared to be imitating all the imperious consequence of a tragedy queen.

Beauty she doubtless possessed in an eminent portion; but of that kind which, instead of inspiring affection, rather excites dislike; for she was so perfectly sensible of the advantages nature had bestowed upon her, that every five minutes she was forming some pretence for placing herself before the glass. This proof of vanity and weakness, her mother, instead of condemning, seemed rather to approve, by observing, that one curl was too formal, another too luxuriant; and so irksome was this visit, that I made it very short; though I was not suffered to disengage myself from this thraldom, without a promise to take a family dinner with the Baronet on the following day. As my countenance, Mr. Editor, is generally an index to my feelings, Edward easily perceived that I did not behold the lady with his eyes; and, instead of asking my opinion of her, was anxious to give a different turn to the discourse. I resolved, therefore, not to mortify his feelings, by expressing my total disapprobation of his choice; but to defer all conversation upon the subject until a second interview had taken place. A small party were invited to meet us. The banquet was elegant to a degree. Miss Euphemia was certainly more condescending in her demeanour, and appeared to derive no small

portion

portion of satisfaction from the homage she received from my son.

A single smile of approbation was sufficient to raise the boy's spirits to a pitch of extacy; he actually appeared to tread upon air; and, by a variety of significant winks and nods, Sir Malcolm convinced me, that he was as much pleased as his daughter with the attentions Edward paid. Soon after the ladies retired, the younger part of the gentlemen followed them. Sir Malcolm and myself were left *téte-a-téte*, when he instantly began to expatiate upon the advantage which an alliance with his family must be to my son; and pointed out a variety of young noblemen with whose names I was merely acquainted, who had been unsuccessful candidates for the all-accomplished Miss Euphemia's hand.

To the income Edward derived from his employment, Sir Malcolm was no stranger: but I thought it necessary to make him acquainted with the fortune which, as my elder son, he must possess at my death; and likewise with my intention of making an addition to it, in proportion to the fortune he might receive with a wife. At the bare mention of the lady's fortune, the Baronet evidently felt some degree of embarrassment; and, after a few compliments upon the liberality of my conduct as a parent, he acknowledged his inability to pay any money down; assigning as a reason, his wish of paying off a mortgage with which the family estate had been encumbered for a number of years.

I candidly informed Sir Malcolm, that I had encouraged different prospects for my Edward; and expressed my fears that his daughter would never become a domestic wife; in short, that she would expect to live in a style far beyond my son's income; and with a degree of show and parade, which I never should sanction or approve. Sir Malcolm's arguments were not easily to be resisted; fluency of expression was his forte; yet I avoided entering into

any positive engagement, until some farther conversation had taken place upon the subject with my son.

A man deeply in love, Mr. Editor, is seldom inclined to listen to the calm dictates of reason: it was in vain that I urged every thing against this alliance that prudence could suggest; for, instead of convincing his judgment, or repressing a violent passion, I seemed only to add fuel to the flame lighted up in his breast. In short, Sir, the indissoluble knot was tied in less than six weeks after my arrival in town; and scarcely had the honey-moon elapsed, when an execution was put into the great Sir Malcolm's house: his equipages were sold; he was compelled to resign his situation in the Treasury; and the whole family were reduced to the greatest distress.

My Edward, with that generosity which ever marked his character, immediately offered an asylum to his mother-in-law, and treated her with those marks of delicate attention, which sentiment and sensibility naturally inspires. This calamity, no doubt, had long been expected. Lady D—— supported it with all the calmness of a truly philosophic mind; and I indulged the hope that it would be the means of repressing the insupportable pride and arrogance of her child. As I informed you, Mr. Editor, that we were a united family, you will naturally suppose my wife was anxious to see her daughter-in-law, particularly as I am inclined to believe Edward always had been her favourite boy. My girls were no less solicitous to become acquainted with their new sister; particularly, as I had refused to gratify that curiosity which is so natural to the sex; for, as I could not say any thing in the young lady's commendation, I determined to let them judge for themselves. Good breeding rendered it impossible to send an invitation to my son and daughter, without soliciting the favor of Lady D——'s company likewise:

likewise: letters were therefore dispatched with due form and ceremony, and a condescending answer returned, informing us, that the two ladies would honor us with their presence for six weeks or a month, as London was at that time completely disagreeable, from all the fashionables having quitted town.

This unfortunate lapse of the pen did not escape my wife's observation; I was again closely questioned about Edward's choice; but Harpocrates* himself could not have acted with more precaution; for not one disapproving sentence escaped my lips. A variety of preparations were made for the reception of our new relation, not only in our domestic establishment, but in the female dress: yet do not suppose, Mr. Editor, they did not always make the appearance of gentlewomen; though their mother's good taste substituted simplicity in the place of expense.

The important day was at length fixed; and the time of dinner protracted two hours beyond our accustomed time; but, instead of the party arriving at the hour they gave us reason to expect them, they did not make their appearance until near nine o'clock. My son, knowing that regularity was the order of the family, mounted the horse which his man led, for the purpose of making an apology for the unexpected delays they had met with upon the road. Vexation and embarrassment were painted upon his expressive features: in vain he endeavoured to appear cheerful and gay, by laughing at the paraphernalia which his wife insisted upon bringing with her, which had prevented the horses from travelling with speed. At length we perceived the carriage approaching. My wife and daughters flew into the hall to welcome their guests, when Euphemia, instead of returning the warm embrace she had received from her new relations, merely saluted them with a cold courtesy, and averted cheek.

The

* The God of Silence.

The effect produced by this apathetic coldness was instantly visible; every affectionate feeling was repelled; and, instead of "My dearest daughter!" the appellation by which my wife had accosted Euphemia, she addressed her by the formal title of Mrs. C———. Was I to attempt describing, Mr. Editor, all the fine lady airs which were practised during the time which intervened before we retired, you would imagine this haughty female had taken no small pains to disgust her husband's relations, and to mortify the feelings of a man who was entitled both to her gratitude and regard. In pity to poor Edward, I smiled at that insolence for which she justly deserved to have been turned out of doors; and likewise to prevent my wife from shewing that resentment, which to me, who had long studied every turn of her countenance, it was evident she felt.

When the ladies retired, Edward, according to the practice of fashionable husbands, waited until Mrs. Abigail informed him her lady was in bed; and after pacing and repacing the apartment in a state of almost phrenzied agitation, he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, my dear Father! you are indeed a happy man; whilst your son, by his own folly, has rendered himself miserable. Yes, miserable in the highest extreme!" The poor fellow then unbosomed his heart to me, and recited such a variety of instances of the contempt with which he had been treated both by his mother-in-law and his wife, that I thought it necessary to rouse the spirit of manhood in him, by representing a husband who submitted to such indignities in the most ludicrous light; and advised him to inform Euphemia, that, unless Lady D—— altered her behaviour, she could no longer expect to receive an asylum in his house.

What passed between my son and his ill-matched partner I know not; but when they joined the party the next morning, the countenance of neither appeared decorated with smiles; and scarcely were

the tea-things removed, when the too artful Euphemia thought proper to allay her husband's resentment, by the well-timed *aid* of a *fit*. It was in vain that I intreated him to assume an entire indifference; with tears of affection he implored the designing Circe to be reconciled; lamented his own folly in having said a word that could occasion her the slightest *uneasiness*; and, in short, instead of blaming her, only condemned himself.

To this mark of weak indulgence I happened to be an eye-witness, and from that moment resolved never more to offer either opinion or advice; as I found my son had permitted himself to be totally governed by the caprice of an artful and overbearing woman, who was likely to prove the bane of his happiness for life.

As Mrs. C—— found little happiness in the society of her husband's relations, whose dispositions and pursuits were completely different from her own, she persuaded him to frame an excuse for shortening his visit; and to this new arrangement not the slightest objection was made on our part; for she treated both my wife and daughters with such an insolent kind of superiority, that, in fact, they were heartily glad when she was gone. Even of the filial attention my son paid his mother, this selfish young woman was jealous; any fraternal mark of affection she could not bear to see; and reserve and constraint supplied the place of confidential intercourse, and seemed to chill every tender feeling of the heart.

Even the letters I received from my Edward, no longer afforded me satisfaction, as they were evidently not dictated by the feelings of his heart; for he frequently affected a gaiety of spirits, which the most undiscerning might perceive to be forced. About six weeks have now elapsed since I received a letter from him, which has proved a source of real affliction to us all; yet in so numerous a family, I endeavour

endeavour to convince my wife, we could scarcely expect that each would be as happy as ourselves.

As I know, Mr. Editor, your Museum has a very extensive circulation, and as example is more impressive than precept upon the generality of young men, I think the misfortunes of my son may act as a beacon to warn them against forming an engagement like that of matrimony, without their parents' consent; and I shall close this long epistle, by an exact copy of that which I received from my ill-fated son.

"*To* CHRISTOPHER C———, ESQ.

"My dearest Father,

"I can no longer play the hypocrite, or feign that contentment which has long been a stranger to my heart; but candidly acknowledge, that I am of all men the most miserable; though I am persuaded the declaration will agonize your heart.

"You will at once despise, pity and condemn me, when I tell you, that this unhappiness proceeds entirely from the improper conduct of a wife, for whom I felt that exquisite, that unbounded affection, which it is impossible for the power of language to describe. Yet do not imagine I mean to accuse Euphemia of want of delicacy of conduct in her behaviour to other men; for I am persuaded, the tender passion is a stranger to her bosom; and that she never felt affection for any creature but herself. I have weakly suffered this too captivating woman to obtain such an entire dominion over me, that, in fact, I became a mere *machine* in her hands; yet, instead of using her power with that gentleness which might have rendered it supportable, she has extended it to a length to which I can no longer sub-

mit. The slightest remonstrance on my part, either produces a serious quarrel, or terminates in those fits to which she has been accustomed from a child; the sight of which completely *unmans me*, and renders her entire mistress of the field.

"You, my dear father, who know my disposition, will easily conceive what I must have suffered from these domestic broils. Separation alone can have the power of putting an end to them; and I bid an eternal adieu to England to-night. My spirits are too much depressed by this necessary measure, to allow me the power of taking leave. Console my beloved mother for a loss which I know she will feel acutely, and assure her of my everlasting duty and love. I have made an exchange with a gentleman who has just received an appointment in India. I have settled upon Euphemia eight hundred a year; and have left my pecuniary affairs under the direction of two faithful, and at the same time warmly attached friends. To this intended plan she is a total stranger; but in a letter I have fully explained the cause, and inclosed a five hundred pound bill for her present expenses, as my house, furniture, and equipage, are all to be sold; for my establishment has lately exceeded my income; though, thank God, I am not deeply involved.

"The moment I arrive at Madras, I will again write to you. Oh, my dearest father, had I but followed your advice! But repentance avails little. My fate is determined; and I can only expect happiness in a future and better world.

"Farewell, my dearest father. That heaven may long continue to shower down blessings on your head, is the ardent prayer of

"Your tenderly attached son,

"EDWARD C——."

INDISCRETIONS.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

By E. F.

CHARACTERS.

GOVERNOR HORNCASTLE.
COLONEL MAITLAND.
HORATIO, *his Son.*
SIDBOLT, *a licentious Officer.*
RHODOLPHO, *the Lover of Orrina.*
PHELIM, *Servant to Carlosine.*

CARLOSINE, *an Orphan.*
ORRINA, *a Native.*
VICTORIA, *Niece to the Governor.*
WITTIKIN, *a Slave, Servant to Orrina.*

Scene, the Country of Florida.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Evening. An Apartment in the GOVERNOR'S *House.*

HORNCASTLE *and* MAITLAND *drinking together.*

Maitland. WELL, Governor, I think we may now rest ourselves contented, that no obstacle will arise to thwart our wishes. In spite of all your gloomy prognostics, I was right in saying that the young couple were born for each other. So here's a glass to their health and happiness!

Gov. With all my heart. I am sincerely happy that we have managed the affair so well. But remember, Colonel, you are in honor bound to declare, that you do no violence to the young man's inclination. I will have no early vows, no prior engagements broken.

Maitland. Ah, Governor, still the old subject. Faith, I fear you have been a gay man in your time, or you would not speak so feelingly on the matter.

Gov.

Gov. True, friend. You know there is an old proverb. However, we soldiers, I own, are apt to give ourselves too much licence in affairs of gallantry. We are so caressed by the girls, so envied by the country lads, and so happy even in the midst of our irregularities, that, egad, we do wrong without knowing any thing of the intention. I will sing you my old song, Colonel.

Mait. Aye, do.

SONG.—GOVERNOR.

I.

When a drum beats through a town,
Rub a dub, rub a dub, row de dow,
How the girls flock up and down!
Rub a dub, rub a dub, row de dow.
Ogling, sighing, music playing,
Every female heart is glad;
Each coquettish art essaying,
All to win a soldier lad.
Heigho!—Sighing so—for rub a dub, &c.

II.

But when order'd far away,
Rub a dub, &c. &c.
Sad and slow the march they play,
Rub a dub, &c. &c.
Each fond heart, with anguish smarting,
Beauty's eye looks dim and sad;
Every damsel grieves at parting
From her dear young soldier lad.
Heigho!—Sighing so—for rub a dub, &c.

Mait. Well sung, Governor: a spice of your old gaiety. But methinks that gloom would not hang so heavily on your brow, if you had not some more serious cause for self-reproach, than the mere indiscretions of country quarters.

Gov. Why, to tell you the truth, my occasional fits of melancholy spring from two separate sources. In the first place, I am married.

Mait.

Mait. Indeed! then, my friend, I need not trouble you to give me any other reason for your melancholy.

Gov. You are smart, Colonel. But I will tell you the particulars. About twenty years ago, I belonged to a regiment stationed at Kilkenny. In the house where I lodged, was a lady, who had fled from her family in Spain, to the protecting arms of a husband, to whom she had been married clandestinely. The villain, however, upon her unexpected arrival, refused to acknowledge that the marriage was legal. In this dilemma she applied to me. I was then Lieut. Colonel; and, being struck with her interesting manners, and distressed situation, promised her all the assistance in my power. After a minute examination of all the particulars, I found that she was not his wife according to the laws of our country; therefore I could only threaten the wretch with exclusion from the regiment. He still persisted in refusing to act honorably by the unfortunate Spaniard; and I had the power to put my threat in execution. Still the unhappy woman had no means of subsistence; and I carried my romantic generosity to such a height as to marry her!

Mait. No doubt you had reason to repent it.

Gov. In some respects I had. Soon after our marriage, my wife was brought to bed of a son; and I declare to you, I loved him as tenderly as if he had been my own. My wife was affectionate and gentle, but obstinately bigotted to the religion in which she had been educated, and which early prejudice had taught me to detest. Altercations innumerable ensued: at length she agreed that the boy should be brought up according to my wish. The birth of a daughter gave rise to new disputes. I was just then appointed to this government, and pettishly swore that the colony should not be again peopled with Papists, since it had recently cost us such pains to extirpate the set. This aggravating insult produced reciprocal

reciprocal reproach, which terminated in a solemn oath on my side, never to see her again. That oath I kept; and left her with her child; but not unprovided for. I brought the boy with me here, and spared no pains for his improvement. He proved ungrateful. Victoria was consigned to my care by an only brother; and the villain formed a base design against her honor: still worse, against my life!

Mait. Oh, horrible! what is become of him?

Gov. Heaven knows. I forbade him my presence for ever. He is an outcast! a wanderer! a wretch! Victoria is now my only hope. Judge, then, if I should not be cautious how I dispose of her.

Mait. Have you never heard of your wife since?

Gov. She wrote at first, but it wounded my feelings too much, and I refused to receive her letters.

Mait. It was a rash oath, Governor. The breach of it can be no crime.

Gov. All oaths are rash. Man knows not the contingencies of the next day, or how circumstances may require him to act; therefore *all oaths* are *impious.* But to *break an oath,* Colonel! May I never have that crime to atone for!

Mait. And yet, scrupulous as you are, you could break the marriage vow without remorse.

Gov. Without remorse, say you?—Ah, no!—It is remorse which robs me of health and spirits. The man who breaks through a sacred tie, may, for a while, in dissipation chase away that dreaded serpent repentance; yet, by slow, imperceptible degrees, it returns, winds round his heart, and fixes there its abode for ever!

Mait. Come, come, you grow serious: take another glass, and be yourself again. All this avails nothing; you treat yourself too harshly; these indiscretions are not to be considered as crimes!

Gov. And yet it is indiscretion which is the parent of crime. But I will retire, Colonel. When this

this gloomy fit comes on me, I am bad company for any one. Good night.

Mait. Good night! Dream of your niece's approaching happiness with my son.

Gov. No more! No more! Good night.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Sea Coast; a Vessel wrecked. The Habitation of ORRINA *at a distance.*

Enter CARLOSINE *in boy's clothes, supported by* PHELIM.

Phel. A thousand thanks to this big bit of a storm. My dear Miss, it has done more for us than our spalpeen of a pilot could have done all night! Faith, now, it has brought us to dry land at last: only for this spattering shower, which wets us from above. How are you now, joy? Sure enough, I thought those pretty pair of peepers were closed for ever!

Carlosine. My good Phelim, I owe my life to you! Alas! I fear it is a worthless acquisition; yet to you gratitude is due.

Phel. Gratitude! by my soul, now, I will tell you what I should like better, and that's nothing but a drop of *nate* whiskey to mix with the cold water that's gone down before it, and which does not seem to like lodging there alone, at all! at all!

Carlosine. I grieve, my good fellow, that you should suffer so much for me. A time may come, when I may have the power to reward you. Should this rash enterprise succeed—But I fear I shall not have resolution enough to bear up against the horrors of our present situation. I fear I have done wrong!

Phel. Faith, and to be sure, Madam, repentance is but sorry company in a place like this. Devil a creature can I see but our two good-looking selves. If you would but be *asy now* a small while, I could go and seek a drop of something to brighten my eyes,

eyes, that I might hunt out a Christian habitation, if such a thing can be found in this *desart*.

Carlosine. Do so, my good friend. I will rest beneath this tree; for my limbs are benumbed with cold, and I feel incapable of further exertion: it is better that one should perish than both. [*sinks on the ground.*

Phel. (*stripping off his jacket to make a pillow.*) Pretty darling!—how pale she is!—Perish!—Oh, no! not while Phelim can help thee! O, botheration! now, what am I standing here for, piping and howling, which can do good neither to man nor beast! Be comforted, dear lady; for if there's a bit or a sup above ground, Phelim will get it for you, and bring it here, if he should die in the attempt. [*Exit.*

Carlosine. (*Taking a miniature from her bosom.*)—Ah, faithless Horatio, where art thou at this moment? Revelling, perhaps, in luxury and pleasure; while the too credulous girl to whom thou once owed affection and fidelity, now lies exposed to want and misery, without a friend to protect, or a shelter for her defenceless head. Unknown, unpitied, in a foreign country, I shall die. Yet still, Horatio, thy image affords me solace: my lips, with their latest breath, shall pronounce the forgiveness and blessing of a fondly devoted heart. (*She covers her face, and weeps.*)

Enter ORRINA, *with* WITTIKIN.

Orrina. 'Tis an awful night, Wittikin; where can Rhodolpho stay? His secret haunts are unknown to me, and every hour of his absence fills me with alarm. Ha! what is that!—A sleeping boy!—Look, Wittikin, what a shape!—Let us awaken him.

Wittikin. (*Shaking* Carlosine.)—Ah me! he is in cold sleep! He no breathe!—He wake no more!—Cold!—cold!!

Orrina. (Carlosine *sighs.*) No, Wittikin, he is not dead; but ill, very ill! Let us give him some assistance. White man, who are you?

Carlosine. (*Looking round with terror.*)—Natives! Ah! I am lost. Yet they speak English; are of my own sex: I may hope for mercy. Pity me! Spare me!—(*She kneels at their feet.*)

Orrina. Fear not, stranger; we are no savages: though our skins be not white, like yours, we have hearts to feel and pity your distress.

Wittikin. Yes, me too much feel! See, pretty stranger, tears drop, drop. Me sing you English song.

AIR.—WITTIKIN.

I.

Poor Negro's bosom feels for white man's woe;
Down Negro's cheek warm tears of pity flow.
Fair skin oft hides false heart; soft words, base will;
While the dark breast with Pity's sigh may thrill.

II.

'Tis not complexion gives a virtuous mind;
For where sweet red flower blooms, a thorn we find.
'Tis truth, benevolence, a wish to please;
And may not Negro's bosom boast all these?

Orrina. My hut is not far distant; we will there refresh you. Be not doubtful; we mean you no harm, stranger. The poor untutored Indian may, with indignant soul, revenge himself on the enemies of his country; but the enlightened mind leaves vengeance to a higher power, and shews generous forbearance to his oppressor; mercy to the victim within his grasp.

Carlosine. What sentiments! This is no savage! I am satisfied of your kind intentions. But I have a faithful attendant; he will seek me here: you cannot render me service without extending it to him: he has saved my life; nor shall my worthless existence be preserved at the expence of his.

Orrina. You and yours shall be safe with us. Wittikin will return, and conduct him to us. [*They raise and support her to the hut.*]

Enter PHELIM, *with a Keg of Liquor, a Portmanteau, and a Watch Coat.*

Phelim. St. Patrick never deserted me in all my life, and I was right in thinking he would not be after beginning now. Madam! Miss Carlosine!—Oh, blood and thunder, where is she now! Here is the self-same spot of ground where I left her sure enough; but the devil a bit of her own dear body is to be found upon it, except my old jacket. Oh, the savages! could not any other piece of *mate* plase you, but you must take such a delicate morsel as that, and bad luck to you?

A Party of free-booting AMERICANS *rush in and seize him. They bind him to a tree, and are preparing to make off with his luggage, when, after much struggling, he gets one hand at liberty, draws a pistol from his belt, and fires, which causes them to retreat in dismay.*

Phelim. Here's a pretty situation for a Christian!—Oh, to be sure the thunder has taken away all St. Patrick's hearing, or he never would have deserted me in this plight. There's my poor dear whiskey in sight, which I risked my life a second time to get at, yet not a drop can I reach to moisten my throat, which is hoarse with bawling. My poor lady, too! if she did but know how they have served me, sure enough she would wonder what was become of me! There was I *praching* up patience to the sweet soul, and now I have nothing at all to do, but to *prache* it to myself. Ah, now, if I was but in Ireland, or any other part of the continent!!

Wittikin appears. He points his pistol at her.

Phelim. Begone, imp of darkness; you need not whet your great ugly white teeth at me, unless you would take a leaden pill to help your digestion beforehand! *Wittikin.*

Wittikin. No fear me, Massa! Me do you good. Pretty boy gone to wigwam yonder. He cry much, and call for Phelim.

Phelim. Oh, then it's nobody but myself he *manes* sure enough. Come hither, you pretty little mahogany-coloured devil; why did not you *spake* to me before you saw me, and then I should not have been frighten'd? If I had you in Ireland, now, joy, I would make you as good an Englishwoman as my mistress, God bless her. Aye, aye, cut away.

Wittikin releases him from the Cords. He clasps her rapturously in his Arms, and carries her to the Hut which she points out.

Enter RHODOLPHO, *with his Men.*

They gather up the Cords with looks of chagrin.

Rhodolpho. Ah! the prisoner has escaped. 'Tis well; he has but anticipated my intention of giving him liberty. By me the forlorn wanderer shall never suffer. It is not for the sake of plunder that I have allied myself to this band, though I am the victim on whom shame and scorn have fixed their mark. Oh, wealth, destructive wealth, what crimes doth not the love of thee give birth to! 'Tis to thee that pride and prejudice owe their rise. 'Tis thine to blight the blossoms of friendship, to chill the warm glow of affection, and lethargize every amiable impulse of the heart. For thee am I an outcast, a proscribed wretch. *(He dismisses the* INDIANS, *making signs to them that they must not touch the property. They depart with looks of dissatisfaction.)* I must satisfy these men, who are rapacious after riches, which they know not how to enjoy. The tender Orrina has no doubt released the victim: her fond faithful heart will be anxious for my return. Kind girl, she loves me for myself alone: ambition and pride are unknown to her: by nature taught, love and gratitude are the spontaneous effusions of her soul. *(Exit.*

SCENE II.

The inside of Orrina's Hut.

ORRINA *watching by the side of* CARLOSINE, *who reposes on a Couch.* WITTIKIN *and* PHELIM *sleeping on Mats.*

Carlosine. The agitation of my mind prevents my sleeping. Kind stranger, I shall never forget your goodness. But tell me, are we far from the residence of Governor Horncastle?

Orrina. Not far. To-morrow you will be better able to pursue your way, and I will be your guide.

Carlosine. Your appearance, and manner of living, speak you a native of this place: how then am I to account for your speaking such good English?

Orrina. (Sighing.) Love has been my instructor. My father was a great warrior; but my mother claimed Europe for her native soil. A young Englishman, who lives among us, has taken pains to instruct me in the language and fashion of his country. Cruelty and injustice have driven him from his home and friends: he lives like one of us, and adopts the manners of our Chieftains. He is mine; and I am his. Rhodolpho has abjured his religion; but we are bound to each other by the sacred ties of plighted faith and love.

Carlosine. Alas! simple girl, slight are the ties which are not bound by religion. But tell me, has the governor any family?

Orrina. No: his niece is his heiress. Madam Victoria is a great beauty; she is fair, like you; but she has not the art of winning hearts. She is to be married soon, 'tis said, to Captain Horatio Maitland, of the English army.

Carlosine. Horatio Maitland here!!

Orrina. In garrison. What is the matter, stranger? You are ill. Ah! he faints!

Carlosine.

Carlosine. (Reviving.) Hush! hush! I am better. Generous girl, I will confide in you. I am a woman, once loved by that base Horatio.

Orrina. A woman! Oh, I am very glad: but, indeed, I feel for your sorrow. Be comforted; my heart bleeds for you. *(Throws her arms round Carlosine.)*

RHODOLPHO *enters behind, and starts back on seeing* CARLOSINE *supported on* ORRINA'S *bosom.*

Rhodolpho. Ha! Orrina false too! then there is no faith in woman! Sorceress! have I detected thee in thy perfidy? The wretch shall die. *(Aims a blow at* CARLOSINE *with a dagger.* PHELIM, *roused by* ORRINA'S *cries, starts up, wrests the dagger from his hand, and seizing him by the throat, points it at his breast.)*

Phelim. Monster! would you assassinate a helpless woman?

Orrina. (Kneeling to Phelim.) Oh, spare him, friend: he means no ill; his mind is at times disordered. Look up, lady; plead for my Rhodolpho. Ungenerous, rash Rhodolpho!

Rhodolpho. A woman!—'Tis true: I was, indeed, disordered. Orrina, forgive this frantic burst of jealousy. *(Phelim releases him.)*

Orrina. Dear Rhodolpho, how often has your ungoverned violence alarmed me! Let this be a warning to you. Take courage, lady: instead of a foe, you will find in Rhodolpho a friend, who will protect the virtuous sufferer at the hazard of his life.

Carlosine. I can readily pardon the effect of error.

Phelim. Oh, honey, if my mistress there is satisfied, you need not look at me so pitifully. I will lay down quietly, and take the rest of the nap I owe to myself. Blood and thunder! what a queer way some people have of introducing themselves!

Rhodolpho. See, Orrina, I have not been unmindful of you. I have brought some excellent cheer.

Perhaps our guests will partake of it in token of amity.

Phelim. Faith, man, and you had need first to ask whether you have not scared away our appetites.

Rhodolpho. I hope not: and, to give the meal a better relish, you shall have it served up in the fashion of your own country. Here, Wittikin, bustle, my girl; and when all is ready, one of your mistress's favorite songs will put us all in spirits. You see, Madam, I have docile pupils.

WITTIKIN *prepares the repast, and when they are all seated, sings.*

AIR.

I.

How sweet the lay, at rising day,
Which echoes through the grove!
Yet sweet to me no notes can be
Like the voice of him I love.

II.

How sweet are the flowers, when fresh'ning showers
Their fragrant charms improve!
Yet the passing gale no such sweets can exhale
As the breath of him I love.

III.

At break of day, when the sun's bright ray
The mists of night remove,
Like its beam so bright, on the mountain's height,
Is the glance of him I love.

IV.

Let wealth impart a charm to the heart
That sordid joys can prove:
Be it still my lot, in humble cot,
To dwell with him I love.

At the end of the song, ORRINA *retires with* CARLOSINE *into a recess. The Men stretch themselves on mats, and the Scene closes.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

(To be continued.)

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

——— Perfect bliss
Lives only in the brain,——
GIFFORD.

WHILST waiting yesterday morning until the servant appeared with my breakfast, I was startled with hearing a loud clatter upon the stairs, and immediately afterward, the voice of my old landlady, in its shrillest key, exclaiming, "Mercy on me, what has that blundering girl done now! As I live, she has broken the china cup and saucer which was given me by my dear dead husband, Mr. Mc. Care-enough! Surely no poor woman in this world was ever plagued with such careless creatures. Get out of my sight, hussey, this instant! Aye, one may toil and broil all one's days, and never scrape together sufficient money to bury one decently at last! But some folks are so *misfortunate!* I could never say, This has been a good day, or, That has proved a lucky bargain: but it is grievance upon grievance, and one loss after another, all my life long." I heard no more; for, having collected the scattered fragments, she retired into the parlour, and loudly closed the door: but in about half an hour, the girl more successfully waited upon me with a most antique tea service of Delph ware, curiously disfigured, and informed me, that her mistress could not supply me with china at less than a shilling per week extra, as that very morning she had suffered a greater loss, on that account, than she should ever recover as long as she had to live.

I am ignorant of the value of china; nor can I calculate chances; but I thought the old lady indulged in more grief than the occasion demanded; and I fancied that the constant unhappiness of which she complained,

complained, had arisen principally from her own foolishness. In the sphere of our mental existence are two poles: the north is the region of Sadness or Pain; the south pole, that of Health and Joy. On the south of the equator, but not too near the pole, lies Happiness. In passing, therefore, from one extreme to the other, every man must, at some time, have been happy. If, then, it be possible to be so once, why not frequently?—and if frequently, why not always?

If it be said, that we only possess happiness comparatively, and at the moment of escape from the dread or influence of some great evil, and that, consequently, happiness cannot always be enjoyed, I confess that I don't call that happiness. There is a bliss to which the mind is excited only by pleasant emotions, at which time the heart feels as if swimming in delight. This I have experienced; and I sincerely hope that it has occasionally, at least, been the portion of all my fellow-creatures.

Among my few friends, I have the pleasure to enumerate Tom Felix, who, without possessing any apparent cause of happiness beyond what other men enjoy, is, in my opinion, the happiest fellow I ever knew. With a good figure, and handsome face, he possesses an easy, smiling confidence, a gay freedom, a manly carelessness, and an independent spirit. To his friends, his heart is extended with his hand; and where he places his esteem, his liberal soul disdains reserve. This is no imaginary character; those who have seen the original, will easily recognise the portrait. Already, perhaps, Julia remembers that she has danced with him; and Maria, how lately she tore one of his billet-doux in pieces. Being curious to know the reason that he appeared so much happier than the rest of mankind, he gave me the following particulars.

"For a long time," said he, "after my arrival in London, instead of being inspired with unusual gaiety,

as

as I had fondly expected, my spirits were uncommonly depressed; Melpomene was not more melancholy. The friend at whose house I resided, tried every thing in his power to banish my sadness; but, unless his endeavours were aided by the presence of female beauty, or the inspiration of the bottle, they were uniformly unsuccessful. But although, in retrospection, I confess that I was a fool for yielding, without resistance, to the iron bondage of gloominess, yet I discover a few reasons which plead in extenuation. I had left, at a great distance, all my relations and acquaintances, the scenes of my youthful pleasures, (and every object in the neighbourhood could bear witness of some,) together with all those which at the time of my departure were eagerly anticipated; and I was transported to an overgrown city, with whose size, smoke, noise, and bustle, I was almost stupified; where I met with characters whose selfishness, rudeness, and brutality, disgusted me. To increase my dullness, I could not pass the corner of the street wherein I lived, without almost stepping into the shop of an undertaker, where 'coffins stood round like open presses.' On every side the toll of passing-bells penetrated my heart: and if there happened to be a funeral procession, I was invariably entangled in the midst; among an heterogeneous assemblage of coaches, drays, and nodding plumes, mutes, dustmen, mourners, chimney-sweepers, and barrow-women.

"But, 'away with melancholy, nor doleful changes ring:' the very means which made me miserable, brought at last a remedy. My mind was so deeply impressed with rural scenery, that an absence to surrounding objects became habitual to me; and ere long, I had arrived at such powers of abstraction, that I felt no longer the want of the country to feast my eyes upon. In the place of St. Paul's, I imagined a mountain; while the crowded Church-yard was metamorphosed into a grove, 'pregnant with harmony:'

mony:' for the singing, chanting, praying, fiddling, and other melodious noises of the poor objects of charity, who daily attend there, sounded, to my bewitched ears, like the music of the feathered choristers of spring.

——— 'The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the Stockdove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.'

The elegant shops, whose various treasures irresistibly allure the eye of the passenger, made no other impression upon me, than as wild roses, honeysuckles, and May-blossom, in the hedges of those green lanes with which my senses were enchanted.

"I loved to saunter in the Park, because there the trees and grass were, without any effort of fancy, actually before my eyes. But still my talismanic imagination was not unemployed. The gay little children, playful and innocent, whom I beheld frisking about me, were, with very little alteration, lambs. The young men, with still less of imaginary aid, reminded me of *calves*. The fair sex looked, methought, like lovely haymakers, whom toil and heat had compelled to throw off almost the needful articles of dress: and, to complete the picture, married men made good *horned cattle* in general.

"By degrees, I was drawn out of this labyrinth of fanciful pleasure, by those amusements and advantages which the town really affords. But it was a long time before my rural ideas entirely forsook me. Avaricious men would still appear digging; the industrious, plowing, sowing, and reaping; and the fashionable and the profligate, throwing away their seed-corn, without the most distant prospect of a future harvest; possibly because they did not assist in

that field where it was originally gathered, and consequently were ignorant of its value and its use. I was in paradise when lost among the loads of hay in the Haymarket: and I never omitted to visit Smithfield every Monday and Friday, to gaze upon the honest rustic faces of my old friends, the horses, cows, and sheep.

"As I was perfectly happy while under the influence of this illusion, you will imagine that my extrication would produce sensations of a totally opposite nature. But, believe me, it had no such effect. I found that it was in my own power to make myself blest, and I was determined to exert that power. Perhaps some fastidious, miserable being may tell me, that *my* happiness is not *true* happiness, because mine exists only in the brain. But where should it be? If not in the brain, depend upon it, the *heart* will never feel it. If a man cannot *think* himself happy, he never will *be* so. Besides, while I have it in my brain, it is always present with me, and it is so much the less liable to injury from external circumstances. No, no, while Reason and Experience tell me I am happy, I will not suffer the insinuations of doubt to rob me of that inestimable blessing."

Though my friend Felix's notions may at first sight appear somewhat whimsical and extravagant, yet I think it behoves us all to adhere to them as much as we possibly can; to obtain for ourselves all those comforts that our respective situations in life will actually admit of; and lastly, (the most important part of our duty,) when we feel ourselves possessed of any good, to acknowledge it with thankfulness, and deduce from it, reasons wherewith to be pleased with our condition; and not to overlook the advantages we have, impiously repining at the ways of Providence, and sighing for those which we have not. He ought to be deemed more a Bedlamite than a beggar, who, subsisting upon charity, refuses the bounty that would make him comfortable for life, under the false impression,

sion, that one of his fraternity had been *still more* fortunate: yet this is, generally speaking, the case of all of us: we are insensible to the actual blessings we enjoy, or might enjoy, while we break the tenth commandment, in viewing, through the magnifying medium of envy, that apparently greater proportion of the good things of this world which appertains to the lot of others. We every instant permit our "feverish and distempered fancies" to body forth *unhappiness* with wonderful ease and rapidity. We tremble at the weathercock pointing eastward, anticipate immense losses in every wind that blusters, and dread the *worst* without the least occasion. And yet, O prone to folly! with feelings thus "tremblingly alive," we cannot give them a contrary and far more agreeable direction; we cannot even *hope* the best; nor *will* we, on the *surest* foundations, imagine ourselves for a moment happy.

I shall conclude with a few lines from Horace, the gayest poet of antiquity, who ardently and uniformly recommending the doctrine of ideal happiness, thus gallantly maintains the superior powers of the imagination in Ode 23, Book I. the sense of which I have endeavoured to give in the following lines:

Place me on sterile plains, where no warm gales
  Invigorate the trees with life and light,
Where Jupiter's malignant star prevails,
  Cold cramping fogs, and everlasting night;
Or place me shelterless where all above,
  The Sun's bright chariot sheds its hottest glare;
Still, still, my Lalage, I'll careless love
  My softly-speaking, sweetly-smiling fair.

T. I.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.

THIS monument of national art being now dispersed, we think it will be acceptable to our fair readers, to have it in their power to refer to their sets of the LADY'S MUSEUM, and point out to their posterity in future time, of what it consisted, by whom executed, and the prices at which each was sold.

FIRST DAY'S SALE.

May 17th, 1805.

PICTURES.

	£.	s.	d.
1 Troilus and Cressida, by Kirk	10	10	0
2 The Moor, Nurse and Child, by Ditto	5	15	6
3 Valentine & Silvia, by Edwards	4	4	0
4 Volumnia & Virgilia, by K. Porter	4	4	0
5 Aufidius & Coriolanus, by Ditto	2	12	6
6 The King rebuking Falstaff, by Smirke	13	13	0
7 Prince Henry's Apology, by Ditto	7	17	6
8 Antonio conducted to Prison, by Westall	9	19	6
9 Bassanio & Portia, by Ditto	4	14	6
10 Lady Grey supplicating King Edward for the Restoration of her Husband's Lands, by Hamilton	11	0	6
11 Queen Margaret & Suffolk, by Ditto	4	14	6
12 Henry the Eighth and Archbishop Cranmer, by Westall	10	10	0
13 Wolsey Disgraced, & receiving the discovered Paper from Henry VIIIth, by Ditto	15	15	0

BAS RELIEFS.

14 Antony & Cleopatra, terra cotta, by the Hon. Mrs. Damer	4	4	0
15 Coriolanus's Triumphal Return, ditto, by Ditto	3	3	0

PICTURES.

16 Henry the Vth discovering the Conspirators, by Fuseli	8	18	6
17 Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, by Ditto	7	7	0
18 Antonio, Hero, & Beatrice, by Wheatley	*Not sold.*		
19 Borachio, Conrade, & Watchmen, by Ditto	5	15	6
20 Hotspur & Lady Percy, by Smirke	9	9	0
21 Falstaff on the Field of Battle, by Ditto	10	10	0

	£. s. d.
22 Queen Margaret & Prince Edward taken Prisoners, by Hamilton	5 5 0
23 The Duke of York consulting with Salisbury and Warwick, by Ditto	5 15 6
24 Q. Katherine attended by Griffith & Patience, by Westall	7 17 6
25 The Ghost appearing to Hamlet in the Queen's Chamber, by Ditto	8 8 0
26 Trinculo and Caliban, by Smirke	11 11 0
27 Angelo & Isabella, by Ditto	9 9 0
28 Mortimer & Richard Plantagenet in the Tower, by Hamilton	5 5 0
29 JOAN of ARC, by Ditto	6 16 6
30 Richard the Second resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke, by M. Brown	21 0 0
31 The Interview in the Temple Gardens between the Earl of Somerset & Richard Plantagenet, by Boydell	10 10 0
32 Desdemona justifying herself to the Council, by Ditto	5 5 0
33 The Meeting of Othello & Desdemona on the Platform at Cyprus, by Stothard	11 11 0
34 Rosalind discovering herself, by Hamilton	21 10 6
35 Cymbeline and Imogen, by Ditto	25 4 0
36 K. Edward with his Queen Elizabeth, & their Infant Prince, by Northcote	42 0 0
37 The Reception of Cardinal Wolsey at the Abbey at Leicester, by Westall	40 19 0
38 The Examination of Conrade and Borachio, by Smirke	74 11 0
39 Falstaff examining Prince Henry, by Ditto	43 0 0
40 Theseus and Hippolyta, by Wheatley	18 18 0
41 The Forest of Arden, with the wounded Stag, by W. Hodges	78 15 0
42 The Grove Scene before Portia's House, with Lorenzo & Jessica, Moonlight, by W. Hodges	63 0 0
43 Othello & Desdemona, by Graham	21 0 0
44 The Death of Hotspur, by Rigaud	12 12 0
45 Lady Macbeth, by Westall	7 7 0
46 Prince Arthur & Hubert in Prison, by Northcote	106 1 0
47 Mrs. Page & Ford reading Falstaff's	

		£.	s.	d.
	staff's Love Letters, by Peters	24	3	0
48	The Meeting of Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower, at the Archdeacon's House in Wales, by Westall	40	19	0
49	The Discovery, from the Comedy of Errors, by Rigaud	10	10	0
50	Volumnia supplicating Coriolanus, by G. Hamilton	17	17	0
51	Talbot and the Countess in Auvergne's Castle, by Opie	42	0	0
52	The Ghost appearing to Hamlet, by Fuseli	38	17	0
53	Juliet in the Trance, by Opie	40	19	0
54	Macbeth and the Witches, by Fuseli	15	15	0
55	Cardinal Wolsey and Campeius's Visit to Queen Katherine, by Peters	12	12	0
56	Richard the IId and Bolingbroke's Entry into London, by Northcote	113	8	0
		1175	8	6

SECOND DAY'S SALE.

1	Timon leaving Athens, by Howard	5	15	6
2	Timon rewarding the Poets and Painters, by Ditto	9	9	0
3	Pembroke, Salisbury, Bagot, & Falconbridge, discovering the Body of Prince Arthur, by K. Porter	9	9	0
4	Posthumus, Jachimo, & Philario, by Westall	11	11	0
5	The Ghost of Banquo appearing to Macbeth, by Ditto	7	7	0
6	Ferdinand & Miranda, by Hamilton	8	18	6
7	Olivia, Viola, & Maria, by Ditto	7	7	0
8	The Countess and Helena, by Wheatley	5	15	6
9	The King, Helena, and Lords, by Ditto	5	5	0
10	King Lear, Kent, & Fool, entering the Hovel, by Smirke	9	9	0
11	Lear, Cordelia, & Kent, by Ditto	10	10	0
12	Desdemona asleep, by Boydell	2	12	6
13	Othello & Desdemona, by Ditto	3	13	6
14	Falstaff, Doll Tearsheet, Prince, & Poins, at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, by Fuseli	16	5	6
15	The Masquerade Scene in Romeo and Juliet, by Miller	13	13	0
16	Rosalind giving the Chain to Orlando,			

		£.	s.	d.
	Orlando, by Downman	11	11	0
17	The Battle near Towton, in Yorkshire, between Henry the VIth & Edward the IVth, by Boydell	8	18	6
18	Antony, Cleopatra, & Attendants, by Tresham	11	0	6
19	Prospero, Miranda, & Ariel, by Hamilton	8	8	0
20	Cleopatra, Guards, & Attendants, by Tresham	12	12	0
21	L. Macbeth walking in her Sleep, by Westall	5	15	6
22	Richard the IIId exposing his Arm to the Council, by Ditto	11	0	6
23	Rosalind Celia, and Oliver, by Smirke	9	9	0
24	The K. of France, Cordelia, Goneril, & Regan, by Ditto	9	9	0
25	Sebastian, Oliver, and Priest, by Hamilton	9	9	0
26	Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, & Maria, by Ditto	14	3	6
27	The Witches in Macbeth, by Westall	8	18	6
28	Orlando & Adam, by Smirke	10	10	0
29	Brutus & Strato, by Westall	9	19	6
30	Falstaff examining the Recruits, by Durno	14	14	0
31	Falstaff in Disguise, led out by Mrs Page, by Durno	9	9	0
32	K. Edward hunting at Middleham Park, Yorkshire, by Miller	33	12	0
33	Pisanio and Imogen at Milford Haven, by Hopner	57	15	0
34	Sir Hugh Evans, Pistol, Fenton, Mrs. Ford and Page, tormenting Falstaff in Windsor Park, by Smirke	42	0	0
35	The Examination of Froth and Clown by Escalus and Justice, by Ditto	44	2	0
36	Leontes looking at the Statue of Hermione, by Hamilton	87	3	0
37	Hero fainting in the Church, by Ditto	42	0	0
38	Titania & Bottom in the Wood, from the Midsummer Night's Dream, by Fuseli	55	13	0
39	Polixenes and Camillo disguised at the Shepherd's Cottage, by Wheatley	43	1	0
40	Titania and Oberon—the companion to Lot 38—by Fuseli	54	12	0
41	The Infant Shakespeare, by Romney	65	2	0

		£.	s.	d.
42	Mortimer & Richard Plantagenet in the Tower, by Northcote	48	6	0
43	Cæsar's Ghost appearing to Brutus in the Camp near Sardis, by Westall	15	15	0
44	Prince Henry taking the Crown, by Boydell	16	16	0
45	Prince Henry's Apology, by Ditto	17	17	0
46	Ferdinand & Miranda playing at Chess, by Wheatley	47	5	0
47	The Princes smothered in the Tower, by Northcote	105	0	0
48	Leontes directing Antigonus to take away the Infant Perdita, by Opie	55	13	0
49	The Battle near Sandal Castle & Wakefield, with the Death of Edmund, Earl of Rutland, by Northcote	52	10	0
50	Bolingbroke consulting the Spirits, by Opie	19	19	0
51	Lear turning away Cordelia, by Fuseli	22	1	0
52	The Procession of Henry VIIIth. with the Infant Princess Elizabeth, by Peters	23	2	0
53	Lear with the Body of Cordelia, by Barry	31	10	0
54	The Masquerade Scene in Henry the VIIIth. by Stothard	42	0	0
55	Prospero's Cell, with the Vision, by Wright	69	6	0
56	Ophelia appearing before the King and Queen, by West	131	5	0
57	SHAKESPEARE'S SEVEN AGES, by Smirke	252	0	0
		1767	13	6

THIRD DAY's SALE.

		£.	s.	d.
1	Katherine, Petruchio, and Hortensio, by Ibbetson	5	5	0
2	Katherine, Petruchio, and Grumio, by Ditto	13	2	6
3	Tamora, Lavinia, Demetrius, and Chiron, by Woodford	7	17	6
4	Leontes and Hermione, by Hamilton	14	3	6
5	Paulina, Child, Leontes, & Antigonus, by Ditto	15	15	0
6	The Interview between Romeo and Juliet, by Rigaud	9	19	6
7	Valentine, Proteus, Silvia, and Julia, by Stothard	8	8	0
8	Richard the IId's Return from Ireland, by Hamilton	6	16	6

	£. s. d.
9 The Duke & Duchess of York, and Aumerle, by Ditto	10 10 0
10 Imogen in Bed, by Westall	9 19 6
11 Imogen in Boy's Cloaths, by Ditto	16 16 0
12 Dull, Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel Jaquenetta, and Costard, by Wheatley	13 2 6
13 The Princess and Ladies, from Love's Labour Lost, by Ditto	9 9 0
14 The Murdered Princes, by Northcote	94 10 0
15 Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, by Sir J. Reynolds	215 5 0
16 Orlando and Oliver, by West	254 0 0
17 Antigonus torn by the Bear, by Wright	84 0 0
18 The Prince and Poins robbing Falstaff, by Smirke & Farrington	30 9 0
19 A Scene from the Taming of the Shrew, Sly with the Attendants, by Smirke	34 13 0
20 Antony weeping over the Body of Cæsar, by Westall	8 8 0
21 King Henry before the Gates of Harfleur, by Ditto	12 12 0
22 A Scene from the Comedy of Errors, by Wheatley	7 17 6
23 The Duke of Ephesus, from Ditto, by Ditto	10 10 0
24 Caius discovering Simple in the Closet, by Smirke	26 5 0
25 The Companion, Evans's Examnation of William, by Ditto	12 12 0
26 The Shepherd's Cot, from the Winter's Tale, by Hamilton	19 8 6
27 Desdemona and Othello, by Ditto	5 15 6
28 Abhorson, Clown, and Provost, by Smirke	23 2 0
29 The Inn Yard, with Gadshill and Carriers, by Ditto	29 8 0
30 Ophelia, by Westall	19 8 6
31 King Philip, Constance, & Lewis, from K. John, by Ditto	22 1 0
32 Falstaff under Hearn's Oak, with Mrs. Ford and Page, by Smirke	21 0 0
33 Juliet and her Nurse, by Ditto	13 2 6
34 A Scene from Twelfth Night, by Hamilton	53 11 0
35 A Ditto from Love's Labour Lost, by Ditto	43 1 0
36 Katherine and Petruchio leaving Baptista's House, by Wheatley	52 10 0
37 A Scene from All's Well that Ends Well, by Ditto	54 12 0

38 The

	£. s. d.
38 The Duke discovering himself, a Scene from Measure for Measure, by Kirk	47 5 0
39 Olivia, Maria, & Malvolio, by Ramberg	16 16 0
40 Diomede, Cressida, Troilus, & Ulysses, by Kauffman	73 10 0
41 Prospero, Miranda, Caliban, & Ariel, by Fuseli	22 1 0
42 Valentine, Proteus, Silvia, and Julia, by Kauffman	64 1 0
43 Cassandra raving, by Romney	53 11 0
44 Hero, Ursula, and Beatrice, by Peters	57 15 0
45 The Companion, Falstaff in the Buck Basket, by Ditto	43 1 0
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THE

THE METHOD

WHICH

DR. HAWES,

Recommends for Restoring to Life the apparently Dead.

The greatest Exertions should be used to take out the Body before the elapse of one Hour, and the Resuscitative Process immediately to be employed.

CAUTIONS:

Bodies taken out of the Thames, Ponds, &c.

1. *Never to be held up by the Heels.*
2. *Not to be rolled on Casks, or other rough Usage.*
3. *Avoid the Use of Salt in all Cases of Apparent Death.*

WHAT THOU DOEST—DO QUICKLY.

THE DROWNED.

1.—Convey carefully the body, with the head raised, to the nearest convenient house.

2.—Strip, and dry the body.—Clean the mouth and nostrils.

3.—YOUNG CHILDREN between two persons in a warm bed.

4.—An ADULT.—Lay the body on a blanket, or bed, and in cold weather near the fire.—In the warm season air should be freely admitted.

5.—It is to be gently rubbed with flannel, sprinkled with spirits; and a heated warming-pan, covered, lightly moved over the back and spine.

6.—TO RESTORE BREATHING.—Introduce the pipe of a pair of bellows (when no apparatus) into *one* nostril; close the mouth and the *other* nostril, then inflate the lungs, till the breast be a little raised; the mouth and nostrils must then be let free: repeat this process till LIFE appears.

7.—TOBACCO SMOKE is to be thrown gently up the fundament, with a proper instrument, or the bowl of a pipe covered, so as to defend the mouth of the assistant.

8.—The BREAST to be fomented with *hot spirits*,—if no signs of life appear,—the WARM BATH:—or hot bricks, &c. applied to the palms of the hands, and soles of the feet

9.—ELECTRICITY *early employed* by a MEDICAL ASSISTANT.

INTENSE COLD.

Rub the body with *snow*, *ice*, or *cold water*.—Restore warmth, &c. by slow degrees, and, after some time, if necessary, the plans to be employed for the resuscitation of drowned persons.

SUSPENSION BY THE CORD.

1.—A FEW OUNCES OF BLOOD may be taken from the jugular vein, and Cupping Glasses may be applied to the head and neck; Leeches also to the temples

2.—THE OTHER METHODS OF TREATMENT, the same as recommended for the apparently drowned.

SUFFOCATION BY NOXIOUS VAPOURS, OR LIGHTNING.

COLD WATER to be repeatedly thrown upon the face, &c. drying the body at intervals.—IF THE BODY FEELS COLD, employ gradual *warmth;* and the plans of the drowned.

INTOXICATION.

THE BODY is to be laid on a bed, &c. with the head a little raised: the neckcloth, &c. removed.—Obtain immediate MEDICAL ASSISTANCE, as the *modes of treatment must be varied* according to the state of the patient.*

* *Dr. Hawes earnestly recommends the perusal of Dr. Trotter's Essay on Drunkenness.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1.—ON SIGNS OF RETURNING LIFE, the Assistants are most earnestly advised to employ the Restorative means with GREAT CAUTION, so as to nourish and revive the languid signs of Life.

A tea-spoonful of warm water may be given;—and if swallowing be returned, warm wine, or diluted brandy.—To be put into a warm bed, and, if disposed to sleep, will generally awake restored to health.

2.—THE PLANS *above recommended are to be used for* THREE *or* FOUR *hours. It is an absurd and vulgar opinion to suppose persons as irrecoverable, because life does not soon make its appearance.*

3.—Electricity and Bleeding never to be employed, unless by the directions of the MEDICAL ASSISTANTS.

The BREATH is the principal thing to be attended to.

THE

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

Aubrey; a Novel. By R. C. Dallas, Esq. Author of Percival. 12*mo.* 4 *Vols* 18*s. Boards.*

It is too often our lot, in reviewing this species of composition, to be impelled by a sense of duty, and a love of truth and virtue, to protest in severe terms against the violation, not only of nature, but of morality and decency. In the present instance, however, we are happy to inform our readers, that, far from finding any occasion to execute so unwelcome a task, we here announce to them a very agreeable and instructive novel, in which the incidents themselves afford a lesson both improving and entertaining, and the sentiments are always founded on just perceptions of reason and nature. We must add, indeed, that if we examine this tale with the severity of a critic's eye, we shall be able to point out certain inaccuracies, and particularly in the fourth volume; the discovery of Lord Sudley's relationship to Edmund, as well as the ghosts of the castle, may be considered as unnecessary appendages to the story. We shall not, however, enlarge our remarks on any deviations of this sort; which, as we observed in our review of a former performance by this author, (See M. R. April, 1802,) "appear light faults when weighed against the importance of the end designed," and pass unseen amid its moral attractions, like the inequalities of the road where the prospect is bright and pleasing.

Monthly Review.

Christian Theology; or, an Inquiry into the Nature and General Character of Revelation. By the Rev. Richard Lloyd, A. M. Minister of Midhurst, in Sussex, and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. 8*vo. pp.* 382. 7*s.*

This work, like many others that have appeared in this revolutionary and eventful period, deserves the highest praise for its good design of strengthening the hands of the establishment, and giving a check to the insidious attacks which are daily made upon it by infidels and enthusiasts, not less to the danger of the establishment, than to the corruption, abuse and overthrow (if it were possible) of Christianity itself. Yet in no part of the whole work is the case defended with undue warmth, or on principles

in the smallest degree intolerant. The chief object of the work, to use the author's own words, is to give a General Character of Revelation, and more especially upon the great doctrine of atonement, which is founded on the fall of man, and the necessity of being regenerated by the spirit, as well as pardoned and justified by the meritorious obedience of Christ. Upon all which points Mr. Lloyd has certainly displayed much good sense, and a competent knowledge of the subject. *British Critic.*

Original Poems. By Thomas Green Fessenden, A. M. Crown 8vo. pp. 200. 5s. Boards.

A vein of pleasantry and sportive humour is manifested by this American writer, which cannot fail to amuse and conciliate the reader, when he is disposed to quit his serious studies, and to welcome a playful guest. Some of the poems allude to political events in the western hemisphere; others describe the manners of the people in some parts of the United States; and wherever a proper opportunity occurs, the author takes care to inculcate on the minds of his countrymen, a spirit of manly independence, and a rational love of liberty. *Monthly Review.*

Rhymes on Art; or, The Remonstrance of a Painter: in Two Parts: with Notes and a Preface: including Strictures on the State of the Arts, Patronage, and Public Taste. By Martin Archer Shee, R. A. One Vol. 8vo.

This work, it appears, is written by Mr. M. A. Shee, a Member of the Royal Academy, and consequently of considerable eminence in his profession, upon a subject certainly the nearest of all others to the heart of a painter, and especially a painter of literary taste and exquisite sensibility, both which its pages fully exemplify: and although we do not absolutely adopt every conclusion which he has drawn from the premises detailed, we are afraid that he, in common with many other artists of the highest professional abilities, has abundant reason to be dissatisfied at the present state of the arts in this kingdom, which seems to be precisely similar to that which preceded their decline in the Roman Empire, when speculation, on the one side, and dissipation, on the other, blunted all the finer feelings of the human mind, and destroyed all those grand ideas that had, in former ages, impelled men of genius to soar to those regions of imagination, wherein the paltry considerations of *profit* and *loss*, and minute calculations how far the exertions of ingenuity might be turned to commercial advantage, were unknown. *European Magazine.*

A Father's Gift to his Children; consisting of Original Essays, Tales, Fables, Reflections, &c. By William Mavor,

Mavor, LL. D. Vicar of Hurley, Berks, and Chaplain to the Earl of Moira. Two Volumes, 8vo.

The parents, guardians and friends of the rising generation of British youth of both sexes, are considerably indebted to the worthy author of the amusing and instructive work now submitted to their consideration; for many and various are the productions of his fertile genius, which have contributed to the improvement of the valuable science of education. The ample stores of literature have been explored; and selections judiciously made from biography, natural and civil history, voyages, travels, and miscellaneous publications, too voluminous for youth; on a plan better adapted to their capacities, and to the time it is proper for them to bestow on reading, he has reduced to a small scale, and given concise, yet accurate abridgments of the best authors on the most important and interesting subjects. *European Magazine.*

The Triumph of Music; a Poem, in six Cantos. By William Hayley, Esq. 4to. pp. 148. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The author of the present poem, Mr. Hayley, has been too long before the public as an original writer, for us to feel ourselves called upon to characterize either the merits or defects of his poetical style. There are few readers or judges of English poetry, who have not already formed their opinion on that subject, which it would be a vain attempt for us to endeavour, even if we thought ourselves able, to correct. The final judge of poetical merit is public opinion, which being the gradual result of many critical decisions, formed by competent judges, cannot reasonably be opposed by any single pen.

What it is most material for us to say respecting the present production, is, that it contains a very interesting story, including several romantic but not altogether improbable incidents. The virtuous love of Lucilio and Venusia, the dark revenge of Donado, the penitence and self-inflicted solitude of Manfredi, and the beautiful scenes of his retreat, all dispose the mind to pay attention to the tale; the winding up of which is well contrived, well concealed, and extremely gratifying to the reader when at length developed. *British Critic.*

Alfred and Galba; or, The History of Two Brothers, supposed to be written by themselves. For the Use of Young People. By T. Campbell, Author of Worlds Displayed, &c. 12*mo. pp.* 174. 2*s.*

The present really instructive and entertaining publication, is upon the same plan as the former of Mr Campbell's productions, "Worlds Displayed," and "Picture of Human Life;" with this exception, that they are composed of various lives and events, while this contains but one continued history. *British Critic.*

The Universe; a Poem. By Henry Baker, F. R. S. F. S. A. A new Edition, with Notes, and the Life of the Author. Crown 8vo. 2s.

Wholesome truths are inculcated in this poem, respecting the existence and supremacy of the Deity; and the numbers are sufficiently correct. The author wrote at the close of the seventeenth century, and his work is now republished to perpetuate his merits and utility in correcting scepticism and infidelity. The biographical notices of Mr. Baker, and the notes, are additional recommendations. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Spirit of Discovery; or, the Conquest of Ocean. A Poem, in Five Books: with Notes Historical and Illustrative. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, Prebendary of Salisbury, and Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Small 8vo. pp. 254. 9s.

The poetical talents of Mr. Bowles are already known to the public, and have met with a very considerable share of approbation. His sonnets have been admired for their ease and simplicity, and for a strain of genuine morality and piety which pervades every page. They have likewise owed not a little of the favour with which they have been generally received, to the air of melancholy tenderness which is diffused over most of them, and which seems to indicate the state of the author's feelings during their composition.

The Spirit of Discovery is a much longer piece than any of those which Mr. Bowles has hitherto published. Its object is no less than to throw into a poetical story, a view of the progress of maritime discovery, from the resting of the Ark on Mount Ararat to the compassing of the globe by the nations of modern Europe.

Literary Journal.

Sermons by the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, M. A. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 442. 8s.

While the mixed character of many works obliges us to select and discriminate, to praise in one part, and to censure in another, it is delightful to meet with an author in whose writings only good is to be found. Such, in our opinion, is the author of the present Sermons, whose ideas of religion are so truly scriptural, whose views of human life are so truly Christian, and whose expressions of his ideas and his views are so entirely judicious, that nothing, we are convinced, can be extracted from his sermons, or other religious works, which is not sound and edifying. To the first volume of his Sermons, we paid our well-merited tribute of applause some time past; the second has been now for some period in our hands, and we will no longer delay to do it the same justice. The account of one discourse, out of the present twenty, we have indeed

deed anticipated, as it has been, for a very laudable purpose, separately republished. The remainder we shall now notice, with more or less distinctness. One kind of discourses, which is peculiarly interesting and instructive, appears in this volume in several instances. We mean discourses on scriptural characters.

British Critic.

Flowers of Literature, for 1804; *or, Characteristic Sketches of Human Nature and Modern Manners. To which are added, a General View of Literature during that Period; Portraits and Biographical Notices of eminent Literary Characters, with Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory. By Francis William Blagdon, Esq. Author of the Imperial Folio History of India, (Published under the Patronage of His Majesty,) &c. &c. Vol. III. To be continued Annually. Small* 8vo. *pp.* 570. 6*s. Boards.*

Mr. Prevost, it appears, from the preface to the present volume of The Flowers of Literature, has withdrawn his assistance from that work. We should not have been aware of this circumstance, from an examination of the contents of the volume; for we think that it is at least equal, if not superior, to those by which it has been preceded. Indeed, that part of the work which demands the greatest portion of literary skill, (we mean the General View of Literature,) exhibits more traits of originality and taste, than we have been accustomed to witness.

The biographical sketches and portraits, prefixed to this volume, are:—the Bishop of Llandaff; Hayley, the poet; Mrs. Parsons, the novelist; Dallas, the author of The History of the Maroons, &c. and Cumberland, the dramatist. *Anti-jacobin.*

Reflections on Duelling. By Rowland Ingram, B. D. 8vo. *pp.* 104. 3*s.*

The subject of Duelling has been frequently canvassed both by the preacher and the moralist; and various arguments of much weight and solidity have been adduced, to prove its inconsistency with reason, with the welfare of society, and with the express declarations of scripture. Still, however, this baneful practice has continued to prevail; and the most solemn appeals to the heart and understanding of men, in other respects kind, and gentle, and polished in their manners, are made in vain. The tyranny of custom, and the false shame of resisting its control, have more weight with the fashionable world than all the reasonings which can be collected against it.—We would recommend those, however, who are inclined to reflect on the consequences of their actions, to consider the arguments which Mr. Ingram has brought forwards against the practice.

practice of duelling. In this pamphlet, he has not only pointed out the absurdity of the custom, and its evil effects on the public manners, but he has quoted the highest authorities to shew that it is repugnant to the law of the land, to the principles of good morals, and to the precepts of the Christian religion.

Monthly Review.

The Invalid: with the obvious Means of enjoying Health and long Life. By a Nonagenarian, Editor of the Spiritual Quixote, &c. &c. (the Rev. Mr. Graves, of Bath.) 12*mo.* 4*s. Boards.*

We have perused this little volume with pleasure and approbation; mingled, however, with sincere regret for the recent loss of the venerable Nonagenarian, whom we have so long been in the habits of regarding with respect. After a facetious introduction, in which the author looks forward to the uncertainty of surviving the various perils which his work must encounter under the lash of Reviewers, he enters on the description of an Invalid in the character of one of his friends, and proceeds in the subsequent chapters to offer a variety of useful and interesting remarks on Health, Quack Medicines, Temperance, and Longevity.—The ensuing remark on Health is worth attention:

"The Epicure's maxim is, 'a short life and a merry one.' My wish is, 'a long life and an healthy one.' If, however, my reader is a voluntary slave to his appetite, and postpones any regard to his health to a comfortable breakfast the moment he is out of bed, and has crept down to the parlour fire; and, instead of a ride in the Park, or a walk in the Mall, lounges away the morning at a coffee-house, or sauntering in Bond Street, till he sits down to a plentiful dinner, and cannot resist the importunity of the lady at the head of the table, who assures him that a third or fourth slice of venison will not hurt him;—if this, or something similar, be his plan of life, I anticipate his confinement in a few years with the gout or rheumatism, or some chronical, or, perhaps, acute disease of a more dangerous kind." *Monthly Review.*

A Short Account of the Settlement, Produce and Commerce of Prince of Wales's Island, in the Straits of Malacca. By Sir George Leigh, Bart. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Though short, this account is to a very considerable degree satisfactory. All the more important particulars, about which any one would wish to acquire information, are contained in it. It is a spot of considerable consequence to our operations in the east, and the knowledge of it here communicated in a very distinct manner, is not of little value. *Literary Journal.*

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FULL DRESS.

Hair fashionably Dressed, ornamented with White Flowers and Ostrich Feathers.

A Train of clear Muslin over a Dress of Lilac Sarsenet: round the Bottom of the Train a deep White Lace; the Sleeves made very full, and looped up with a Diamond Button. White Gloves, and Lilac Ridicule.

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In 1755.

DRESS of the OLD WOMAN in 1755.

FULL DRESS for JULY 1805.

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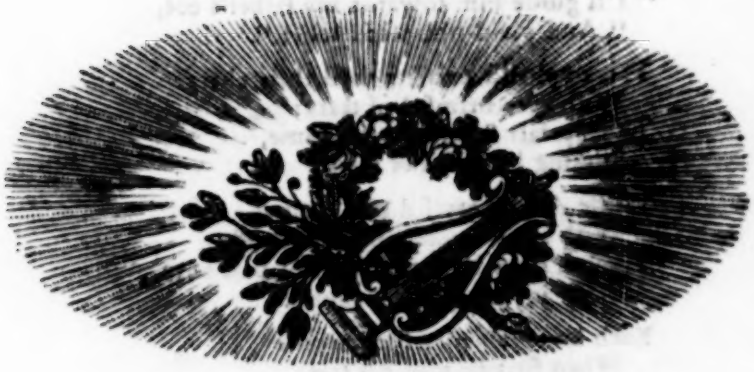

The Apollonian Wreath.

STREPHON AND SUSAN.

WITH pity view poor Susan's fate,
Her mournful lot bewail;
Let fall a tear of sympathy
While list'ning to her tale.

With innocence she once was blest,
Her bosom knew no care;
Till Strephon, bane of all her peace,
First found a shelter there.

Cold and bleak had been the night,
The snow around was spread,
When Susan's ear distinctly heard
A voice for pity plead.

From out the cot in haste she flies
To lend her willing aid;
With quicker footstep towards the sound
Now flies along the glade.

'Twas there her Strephon first she saw
All welt'ring in his blood;
While trickling to her trembling feet,
Roll'd on the crimson flood.

" Ah me!" she cried, " what sight is this?
" O sight of pain and grief!
" I'll guide him towards my father's cot,
" And yield him kind relief."

The good old pair receiv'd their charge
With eyes brimful of tears:
To help fair Susan ran the dame,
Sinking beneath her fears.

While Allan, careful of his guest,
With skill bound up his wound:
Though deep the gash, yet not past cure,
With joy he quickly found.

Each heart felt pity for his sake
When first he told his tale;
A villain's hand had dealt the blow
Down in the lonely vale.

Beneath their roof he soon regain'd
New strength to till the field,
While gratitude o'erpower'd his heart
Its grateful thanks to yield.

But, ah! the debt he soon forgot
He never could repay,
When lovely Susan sav'd his life
As drench'd in blood he lay.

Her beauteous form, and pleasing grace,
Began his breast to move:
With flatt'ring arts, and winning smiles,
He strove to gain her love.

First prais'd her beauty, then her mind,
And then her modest worth;
While to some Deity he vow'd
She ow'd her heav'nly birth.

She blush'd, and oft in secret sigh'd,
Nor deign'd his suit to hear;
Knowing in man there dwelt deceit,
Uncheck'd by shame or fear.

Thrice happy fair! you might have been,
Had you this path pursu'd,
Or ne'er have listen'd to his tale,
But frown'd whene'er he woo'd.

The false one quickly own'd his love,
And soon compassion gain'd:
But now far hence the traitor's gone,
His highest wish attain'd;

While

While she's for ever doom'd to mourn;
For joy is with him fled.
Like to a flower, bent with rain,
She droops her lovely head.

Betray'd by him, the wretched maid
Soon falls a prey to grief.
Her friends all blame, nor pity yield,
Or strive to give relief.

A parent's anger drives her hence;
None listens to her tale;
And lovely Susan yields her breath,
Hid, in the winding vale.

Ah! hapless fair! severe thy fate!
For thee the tear be shed,
While pity lends her willing hand
To deck thy moss-grown bed.

K. KENT.

THE TRAVELLER.

WHEN a trav'ller is returning
From a journey fraught with toil,
How his heart is fondly yearning
Towards his own dear native soil!

But when he the coast espies,
Then his heart is full of glee,
And his thanks to Heaven rise
For having 'scap'd the dang'rous sea.

Now he treads once more on shore,
And wanders o'er the grassy plain,
Forgetting what he pass'd before,
And what he suffer'd on the main.

In thoughtful mood a path he took,
Which led into a rural wood,
And sitting down beside a brook,
A well-known form before him stood.

The trav'ller with surprise was struck,
By grace and beauty's matchless charms;
He in an instant leap'd the brook,
And caught his true-love in his arms.

EDMUND

THE SHEPHERD'S DEATH.

A BALLAD.

YE waving woods, oh! soothe my grief,
A maid forlorn from mis'ry shield;
The lovely swain that gave relief,
A kiss nor smile no more shall yield.

Ye shady groves, that knew his love,
Can ye the plaintive sigh restrain?
His death the woods and vallies move:
His flocks shall never sport again.

The daisied banks where late he sung,
The winding streamlet, soft and clear,
Are all in wild disorder flung,
And weep around the shepherd's bier.

But, ah! ye groves, ye woods, and vales,
Ye flocks, ye daisied banks, and streams,
Like Jenny none his loss bewails,
Beneath the sun's enliv'ning beams.

Sweet as the dew-drops to the rose,
Or verdant meads to lowing kine,
Or balmy Eve when Zephyr blows,
Was Donald to this breast of mine!

But, ah! no more his kisses sweet,
His glowing breast, nor lovely arm,
Shall Jenny's lips each morning greet,
Nor smile with fond affection warm.

Ye waving woods, oh! soothe my grief,
A maid forlorn from mis'ry shield;
The lovely swain that gave relief,
A kiss—a smile—no more shall yield.

Yarmouth. D. S.

WIT AND BEAUTY.

NATURE hath mercifully granted
But partial power to all her creatures:
By Julia Chloe's wit is wanted,
And Chloe wants fair Julia's features.

This happy circumstance hath been
The constant subject of my song:
Listen, and Julia's safely seen;
Look, and you conquer Chloe's tongue.

It was my theme, but now 'tis done:
These girls I once together found;
I heard but one, and saw but one,
Yet lov'd the sight, and blest the sound.

For Julia's fascinating eyes
Made me to Chloe's person blind;
And witty Chloe's quick replies
Supply'd the want of Julia's mind.

Perplex'd, between them both I've set,
And often wish'd that I were grown
Blind with this, or deaf with that,
Or that they both were join'd in one.

For if I were but blind, I thought
Chloe would need no outward grace;
And deafness would be cheaply bought,
To gaze uncheck'd on Julia's face.

Alas! vain wish, and vain alarms!
I had enough of both e'er long;
Blinded with seeing Julia's charms,
And deaf with hearing Chloe's tongue.

Beauty and wit then are not all,
'Tis something more must feed Love's fire:
The loveliest form and face will pall;
The wittiest tongue at length will tire.

ALEXIS.

TO EMMA.

SAY, my Emma, why those tears,
Why those pearly drops of sorrow?
Ill they suit thy youthful years;
Leave them to some distant morrow.

Cease, my Emma, cease to shed
Tears that chill life's op'ning blossom:
Cease those fears which fill with dread
Virtue's pure unspotted bosom.

'Love should lead the laughing hours;'
Sorrow far from thee be driv'n;
Pleasure strew thy path with flowers,
Till Emma seeks her native heav'n.

Kingsland,
May, 1805. J. M.

THE ANCHORITE'S INVITATION.

Supposed to be written over the Entrance of his Cell.

ENTER, stranger, this retreat,
On my couch reclining lay:
Witness rural pleasures sweet;
Rest thee on thy weary way.

Here, remote from strife and care,
Deign with me awhile to dwell.
Here thy soul for death prepare;
Worldly pomp and vice repel.

Here, secure from ev'ry danger,
War, and all its dire alarms,
Be thy mind at peace, O stranger!
Sooth'd by Nature's pleasing charms.

View the sloping woodlands wide,
While the sun's meridian heat,
Tempts thee to the water's side,
To seek a shady cool retreat.

False is the world that lures thee hence,
Far from peaceful solitude;
Vain those pleasures of the sense
Which on thy quiet would intrude.

If corroding grief distress thee,
Vainly searching for repose,
Let these tranquil scenes content thee,
Where no sorrows interpose.

PASTORA.

LINES,

Written on reading "Woman's hard Fate," *in the Museum for April.*

OH, say, fair Ann, what jaundic'd eye
Can view your fate so hard?
What has distress'd you?—Tell me why
Of freedom you're debarr'd?

Had you a father too severe?
A brother not too kind?
Had you a husband always near,
Who kept you too confin'd?

Did

Did not a father's care direct
The tender female's mind;
Did not the brother's arm protect
The charge to him consign'd;

Did not the husband's guardian care
Preserve his much-lov'd wife;
The ruffian's hand would never spare
Her loveliness—her life.

Yet this you "fatal bondage" call;
And Hymen's bands are "chains:"
Why then, fair lady, must you fall?
Why give "vain man" the reins?

Your plaintive verse recalls to view
The Poet's well-known line,
"That every lady" (except you)
"To love or *sway* incline."

Then bear poor woman's wretched state
With wonted female grace;
Since what you mourn is cast by Fate,
Resistless—as—your face.

April, 1805. GEORGE.

EMMA.

THE lovely Emma's radiant eye
I saw in beaming lustre drest,
And oft a sympathetic sigh
Escap'd her breast!
So have I seen a drooping rose,
Its leaves bespread with drops of dew,
Celestial charms profuse disclose,
Sparkling to view!

'Twas Pity heav'd her bosom fair,
'Twas Pity mov'd the modest maid.
Ah! may not Love inhabit there?
I softly said.
'Twas Pity's tear that fill'd her eye,
And Emma's bosom knew not Love;
Yet zephyrs bore the tear and sigh
To Heaven above!

CUMBRIAN.

Essex,
May, 1805.

ODE TO MIRTH.

BEHOLD the sun and sky serene;
See MIRTH descend, with joyful mien,
On yonder odoriferous plain,
Attended by her smiling train.

Religion, Liberty, and Truth,
Attend the cheerful Queen;
Innocence, and joy, and youth,
Augment the guiltless scene.
Health's bloomy hue, in ev'ry feature charms;
Love smiles around, and ev'ry bosom warms.

But, ah! look round in yon dark vale,
And hear the sons of guilt bewail!
See Murder wrestle with each gliding hour;
The treach'rous ingrate curse the hand of pow'r;
Delib'rate Vice, with half-averted eyes,
Sink in despair, and rend the air with cries!

Still MIRTH enlivens all her throng,
Each voice breaks out in rapt'rous song;
See, she hovers in the air;
Her form, her smile, beyond compare:
Hear her quick, melodious strains.
"Ye spotless maids, and happy swains,
"One precept all my joys secures;
"Keep *conscience clear*, and MIRTH is yours!"

Durham. PERCIVAL.

Correspondence, &c.

"Hero and Leander" *came too late for the present Number, but shall appear in the next. Farther communications from the same quarter will have due attention paid them.*

"To my Father on his Birth-Day," *by* J. J. S. *has already been made too common for the* Lady's Museum.

W. C. *succeeds better in Prose than Poetry—his* "Song" *is inadmissible.*

J. M. L's *request shall be carefully attended to.*

"Sir Oswald De Piercy," *and the Verses of* "Pastora," *are received, and will be inserted in due course.*

"The Winter of the Mind,"—*Lines by* "Cumbrian,"—*the Imitation of* "Horace, Ode XIII, Book iii—*and the* "Enigma," *by* F—c F—k, *shall be inserted in our next Number.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
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CROSSING THE BROOK.